The Big Race

The First Transcontinental Race
New York to Seattle
1909

By Jack B. Scott

To a fellow Scotsman -
all the best.
Jack Scott

The story of the First Transcontinental Race from New York to Seattle, 1909.

THE BIG RACE

By Jack B. Scott

Illustrated with photographs from the Ford Archives, the private collection of B.W. Scott, and other sources.

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DEDICATION

FOR MY FATHER,

B.W. SCOTT

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FOREWORD

In 1984 I was privileged to be a part of a tour sponsored by the Model "T" Ford Club International to celebrate the 75th anniversary of the 1909 Cross Country Race and the anniversary of the Model "T" Ford.

I had spent many hours on research in order to recreate the Ford No. 1 car that had been a part of the 1909 race. I was very pleased with the results of my efforts as many people could not tell pictures of my car from pictures of the original.

In our re-run of the 1909 race, thirty-five cars started from New York City, destination Seattle, Washington. We drove a relaxed schedule since we were not part of a real race. We stayed together and took breaks every three days—not at all like the grueling race of 1909 that truly pitted man and machine against the elements.

One of our stops was in Kansas City where a gentleman came up to some of us and introduced himself as Jack Scott, son of Burt Scott, driver of the winning car in the 1909 race. We were all thrilled to meet Jack and to share with him his memories of his father and original pictures of the race.

I took Jack for a ride in my recreated race car and he seemed to enjoy it very much. As for me, the time spent with Jack was probably the highlight of the entire trip.

Here in Jack's book, the reader has the opportunity to enjoy the original stories of that great race. The book will

be appreciated by anyone who is a racing enthusiast, a historian, or a lover of antique car memorabilia.

Bill Barth
Past President

Model "T" Ford Club
International

BILL BARTH DRIVING
HIS REPLICA RACE CAR

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PART 1
A CHANCE ENCOUNTER

Day 21 did not start well, not well at all. Burt had dropped down beside the little race car to take a cat nap while Smitty adjusted the magneto. When Smitty cranked up the engine, it roared into life with a terrible explosion. Like all race cars, this one was not equipped with a muffler. Burt, only ten feet from the car, sprang upright, thereby generating a headache that lasted all morning. This was only the beginning of a bad day. Before the day was through they would be lost twice and held up by armed men on horseback.

Burt Scott and C.J. Smith were driver and mechanic of a Model "T" Ford race car participating in the first transcontinental race from New York to Seattle. The year was 1909. The chronicle of events leading up to this race and this day really began in August, 1903.

The month was August, the year 1903. The young man was nineteen years old and his name was Burt Scott. He had graduated from the Detroit school system three years earlier, just six months after the turn of the century. With the help of his father, a police sergeant, Burt had managed to get a job with the Edison Illuminating Company (later known as the Detroit Edison Company). The job was Apprentice Electrician. As a requirement for the job, he was to study a series of five manuals entitled "The Elements of Mechanical and Electrical Engineering," pub-

lished by the Colliery Engineering Company, 1899. The mechanical part was easy for him, the electrical was not.

The young man's real ambition was to become a bicycle racer. In 1903 auto racing was unknown, but bicycle racing was the thrilling sport of the day. Heroes such as Tom Cooper, Barney Oldfield, and Frank Kulick were known throughout the country. Oldfield and Kulick were later to also become famous auto racing drivers.

The family doctor had told Burt that for proper physical conditioning a man should eat a pound of beefsteak every day. Following this advice, Burt spent ten cents of his dollar a day wages to buy round steak, even though steak was considered to be a luxury to be savored only on special occasions.

At every opportunity, when not working, Burt practiced racing on his bicycle on the streets of Detroit. Since automobiles were not a problem, his only concern was for horses, other bicycles, and street cars. On what was to become the most important day of his life, he was riding his bike north on East Jefferson Avenue. He had just passed the dock for the ferry to Belle Isle when he saw a man working on an automobile. Since automobiles were very much a rarity, people had gathered around to gawk and make derogatory remarks. "Those damn noise makers, they never will be practical. A danger to man and beast."

Burt parked his bike and walked over to watch. The man working on the automobile seemed to be frustrated as he tried to determine what was wrong with his car while ignoring the derision of the onlookers. Burt asked the man if he could help. The man said, "yes, hold this lever half way down then push it all the way forward when she starts." The man went to the front of the machine and

twisted the crank. The engine coughed and began to run smoothly. The man turned to the youth and said, "you're pretty sharp young fellow, how would you like to work for me?"

"What doing?" was the response.

"Oh, as my mechanic, driver, and general handy man. I have just started my own company and I could use someone like you."

Burt paused, enticed by the idea of becoming an automobile mechanic, then he responded, "I would have to give my company two weeks notice."

"Of course, that's only right. Where do you work?"

"I work for the Detroit Illuminating Company."

"Good outfit, I worked there for them myself until four years ago. *Do you know Ben Clark in the engineering division?"

"Yes sir, he's my boss."

"Good man. Ok, report to me in two weeks."

"Where is your company?" Burt asked.

"It's on Mack Street, not far from Grand."

"I live pretty close to there on Bethune," Burt said. "I'll be there for work two weeks from Monday."

"Fine. Report to me then."

"What's your name sir?"

"Oh yes, I forgot to introduce myself, I'm Henry Ford."

And so it was that Burt Scott, who later become the winning driver in the Big Race came to be a personal friend and employee of Henry Ford.

*Henry Ford went to work for the Detroit Illuminating company in 1888 where he rose to Chief Engineer. His salary was $45.00 per month.

PART 2
HENRY FORD AND THE RACE CAR

In the early days all car makers raced. It was about the only way to get free and wide publicity for their product. There were no widely read automotive magazines such as the latter day "Car and Driver," "Road and Track" "Automotive Digest," etc. Newspapers covered automotive news only incidentally. Auto races were important events for the car manufacturer. Races were the only way to demonstrate the speed and reliability of each car.

In September of 1900, Alexander Winton, a Cleveland manufacturer whose reputation had been made largely by his racing activities, defeated a field of strong competitors over a fifty mile course in Chicago. Winton had kept up an average speed of over thirty-eight miles per hour, and his victory gave him a double pre-eminence. It made him both racing champion and dominant U.S. car manufacturer, and his products were advertised nationwide. When it became known that Winton would be bringing one of his machines to Detroit late in 1901 to compete against all comers, the challenge was inescapable.[1]

Another auto maker was already enjoying some prominence. His name was Henry Ford, a farm boy who was struggling with a fledgling company of his own. The Detroit race was scheduled to be held on October 10, 1901 at

a track just constructed beside the lakeside resort of Grosse Pointe to the east of Detroit. Henry Ford had been working on his own racing machine. He recruited a team that included an electrician, Edward "Spider" Huff, from Henry's old place of employment, the Detroit Electric Company. Simplicity was the keynote of the car they built. It had just two cylinders, developed twenty-six horsepower, and on paper did not match up to the other racers entered. Henri Fournier, French holder of the world mile record at that time, drove a sixty horsepower car. Alexander Winton's machine packed forty, and William Vanderbilt, Jr., commanded equal power in his "Red Devil."[2] Ford's entry, which he did not officially register until the day before the race, did not match up to these. When both Fournier and Vanderbilt scratched, it appeared that there was only one man in it. The results appeared to be so certain that Winton's sales manager arranged with the race organizers to design a trophy that would look just right in Winton's bay window.[3]

On the day of the race, several preliminary events were held. In one of these Alexander Winton set a new world record by driving an exhibition mile in one minute, twelve point four seconds, a whole second faster than the latest mark set by Henri Fournier. Later that day, in New York, Fournier lowered his fastest mile to one minute, six point eight seconds.[4]

Finally came the big event. A Detroit judge had adjourned the Recorder's Court that day so that the city's lawyers and their clients could attend, and they swelled a crowd of more than eight thousand spectators.[5] However, the race itself threatened to be an anticlimax. Only two cars actually made it to the starting line, Alexander Winton, and the Dearborn country boy, Henry Ford. The

organizers said they were cutting the originally scheduled length of the race from twenty-five miles to ten because the previous races had gone on longer than expected. But they were probably being polite. This was clearly going to be a one way contest, there would be little suspense or fun to be had from watching Winton circle the track for fourteen extra laps.

At the sound of the gun, Winton immediately took the lead. Henry did not appear to have the expertise for driving a race car. He had concentrated on the mechanics of his machine, not the driving, so he lost ground on every turn. Crouched down beside him on the running board, gripping special handles, the faithful Spider Huff was riding postillion and he leaned out gallantly, extending his body wide and low into each corner trying to pull the car tighter into the curve. After three laps, Winton was at least a fifth of a mile ahead and the race seemed over.[6]

But then Henry Ford started to catch up. He gained in every straight stretch, and by the sixth lap they had cut into Winton's lead. In the seventh lap, right in front of the grandstand, Henry shot ahead and stayed there right to the end. It was a great and famous victory and Clara Ford got the fine cut glass punch bowl that had been designed for Mrs. Winton to put in her front window.[7]

Ford was now convinced that racing would bring him the public attention needed to launch a successful automobile. He went ahead with the design and construction of two big racing cars, the "999" and the "Arrow." The "999" was then the largest and most powerful American car ever built, nearly ten feet long, rated at seventy horsepower with four massive cylinders, each of them the size of a small powder keg.

"The roar of those cylinders alone was enough to half

kill a man," Henry later remembered. "There was only one seat. When we opened her up at full speed I cannot quite describe the sensation. Going over Niagara Falls would have been but a passtime after a ride in "999".

Everyone said that "999" was a very difficult car to drive. Tom Cooper tried it and gave up. However, another cyclist, Barney Oldfield, who was known as a daredevil on a bicycle, decided to try. He was heard to say "I might as well be dead, as dead broke."

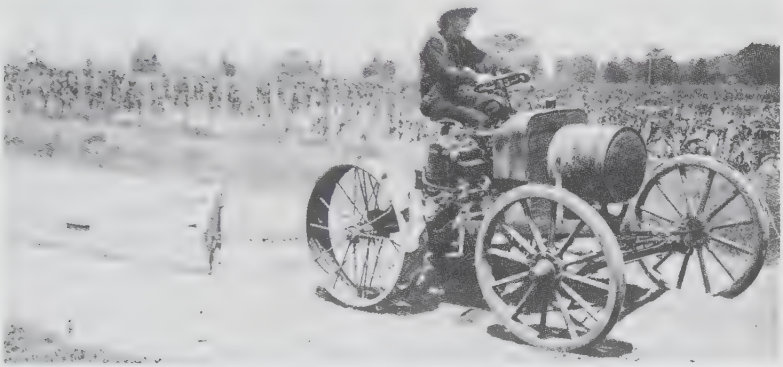
In the famous race against Alexander Winton's car "the Bullet," Oldfield jammed the accelerator all the way down and didn't let up until he crossed the finish line. It was a most embarrassing defeat for Winton and his driver Charles Shanks. However, it was great publicity for the fledgling Ford Motor Company.[1]

PART 3
THE EARLY YEARS

Until the 1920's, large parts of most automobiles were constructed out of wood. Michigan had miles and miles of dense forests which had made Detroit a center of railcar and horse drawn carriage making. The early Fords were no exception. Wood was used extensively in their construction. Burt tells of an interesting episode involving the search for lumber. "Henry came into the shop one day and informed me that I was to drive him and the purchasing agent to the upper peninsula to negotiate buying some lumber. It was early September and the weather was mild. None of us wore heavy clothing, but the second day we were in the upper peninsula, it turned bitterly cold. Henry took me into a Hudson Bay Company store and bought me a heavy coat. Then he informed me that I was to drive the car back to Detroit. He and the purchasing agent took the train. This was typical of some of the early interesting experiences I had with Henry Ford."

In 1906 Ford decided to build a tractor. Burt helped put together a contraption consisting of a Model "K" radiator and front axle. It had a Model "B" four cylinder engine, artillery wheels on front, and binder wheels on the rear. The rear axle was made from an aluminum casting. Burt made the first test drives of the tractor (see photo). He later described driving the tractor. "She ran about as cranky as a mule. I was able to stir up dust while dragging

the surface, but she didn't have the power to really plow the ground. However, she was significant in that she was the forerunner of the great Fordson Tractor line."



BURT SCOTT MAKING A TEST DRIVE OF THE FIRST FORD TRACTOR.

Mechanic C.J. Smith recalled some of the early years at the Ford Factory. "Mr. Ford was friendly toward the men who worked on these projects. When he came in he would speak to everyone. He was always friendly. He knew all the people and would call everyone by their first name. My first name is Charles, but he called me Jimmy. The reason for that was that when I first went to work there, there were two Charles Smiths. Mr. Ford asked me what my second name was and I said James."

He said, "Oh! Jimmy eh?" Ever since then I was called Jimmy.

"I don't think Mr. Ford changed much through the years in his relations to the people who worked for him. He very seldom used slang or profanity while working on these machines. He was very good in handling tools. If someone was filing and he wasn't holding the file just right, Mr. Ford

would take hold of it and show him how to do it. He was really an expert machinist in his own right. He knew his business around machinery."

"In the early days, I used to go on camping trips that Mr. Ford, Mr. Edison, Mr. Burroughs, and Mr. Firestone planned. When they first started camping, we used to have a big truck to carry all the tents and equipment, and an old car made up as a kitchen to carry all the kitchen utensils. At night they'd pick out a place, set up the tents, pick them up the next morning and away we'd go again somewhere else. He liked to be alone with his friends. He and Mr. Edison were the same, but Mr. Firestone wanted to stop in little towns and talk to dealers and others."

"I remember one night when we got into a little orchard alongside the road, it was a good place to set up our tents. We just got everything out of the car ready to set up when a little boy and girl came down the road to see what was going on. Of course, Mr. Ford got talking to them and asked all about them, where they lived, etc. They told him, "Just down the road there."

"They got talking and Mr. Ford told them who he and his friends were. They said they had an Edison phonograph at home and it wouldn't work, so they sent it back to the Edison dealer. When it came back it still squeaked."

"So Mr. Ford said, "you go tell your mother we're going to fix that up for you tonight."

Later we went down there to the house and took the phonograph and put it on the table. We thought we were just going to oil it up, but there was more to it than that. We finally had it all apart and found out what the trouble was. It was a little ring on the end of the governor. We filed it off, put it together and the squeak was gone. Mr. Ford

told the lady who they were and she pretty near fell off the chair."

"When we got back to camp that evening, Mr. Ford kidded Edison about people sending their phonograph down to the Edison dealer who couldn't fix it. He got a kick out of that incident."[8]

PART 4
THE FIRST MODEL "T"

Henry Ford's success with racing cars helped him find substantial backing for manufacturing automobiles. A coal dealer named Alexander Malcomson was able to gather some investors to supply starting capital and on June 16, 1903, the Ford Motor Company was incorporated. Horace and John Dodge were two of the original stockholders. Since they had a machine shop, they were able to supply the engines and running gear. This they agreed to do in exchange for one hundred shares of stock.

The first car the new company built was the two cylinder, eight horsepower Model "A" (not to be confused with the Model "A" that succeeded the Model "T" in 1928). Malcomson insisted that a line of larger cars be built. This began with the four cylinder Model "B" in 1904, then in 1906 the big six cylinder Model "K" was introduced. It sold for two thousand eight hundred dollars and was said to cost the company more than that to build. Henry Ford, however, was interested in building smaller and lighter cars. In 1906 he brought out the four cylinder Model "N," a fifteen horsepower runabout which sold for six hundred dollars. The Model "N", Model "R", and Model "S" were later built as deluxe versions of the Model "N". The Model "T" was the direct descendent of these little cars.

The Ford Motor Company was making a substantial profit on its little cars and by early 1907 needed a larger

plant. The Board of Directors went ahead with the purchase of fifty-seven acres of property in Highland Park on the north edge of Detroit. On July 29, 1908, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was appropriated to build the new plant. Production was moved from the old plant at Beaubien and Piquette streets to the new location. The stage was set for the Model "T". The company had the money to produce it, and now had a large factory in which to manufacture it.

Everyone agreed that the Model "T" was certain to be a big success, but no one could even guess at what an understatement this would prove to be. Mr. Ford was on his way to his lifetime goal, the building of what he called "the universal car."

The Model "T" was announced for release on October 1, 1908 and a full page advertisement was scheduled in *The Saturday Evening Post* for October 3rd. Ford Branch Managers were invited to attend a sales meeting in Detroit on September 14th. While the branch managers were getting ready to visit Detroit where they would see the new car they had heard so much about, the newspapers of the day were taking a more optimistic view as the short-lived depression that had begun the year before showed signs of coming to an end. The automobile industry's prospects were especially good at this time and the various factories in Detroit announced that they were about to hire more men.

The newspapers also reported that Hans Wagner was still the top ranking player in the National League; that a man had gone crazy while reading Elinor Glyn's best seller "Three Weeks"; and that a rising young statesman named Winston Churchill was marrying Clementine Hozier. And Detroit officials who were just then becoming aware of the

ever increasing number of automobiles on the city streets, announced firmly that "no mere mechanical device will ever entirely supersede the horse, and for that reason streets will have to be built for both."

When the Ford branch managers arrived in Detroit on Monday, September 14th, they had come from all parts of the United States and Canada; among them were even two European representatives. There were fifteen men in all and they had no reason to believe that the forthcoming sales conference would be much different from any other sales meeting that they had attended. They had heard good things about the new car, for the Ford Motor Company had sent a letter to its dealers advising them that the demand was so great that they could send each dealer only one car for demonstration purposes and could not hope to fill stock orders until all dealers had been provided with demonstrators which were to be used for booking customer's orders. But, despite all this, no one had any reason to believe that the Model "T" would be anything more than a successful automobile which would hold the stage for a year or two and then be improved into a later model that might carry the letters U, V, or W and so on to the end of the alphabet. No one, not even Henry himself, could possibly foresee that this car was to be produced with only minor changes for nineteen years.

At noon on Wednesday, September 16th, the Model "T" was demonstrated to the branch managers who liked the way it performed. The next day a luncheon was held at the Detroit Boat Club; afterwards everyone went for a sail on the Dodge brothers' steam yacht "Hornet." The sales meeting wound up with a banquet at the Country Club, where tables were arranged in a "T" shape and the menus were printed as "T" shaped booklets. The branch managers

were told that twenty-five thousand Model "Ts" were to be built during the coming year, so they were assured of having plenty of stock, for no automobile company had ever scheduled so many cars for one year's production.

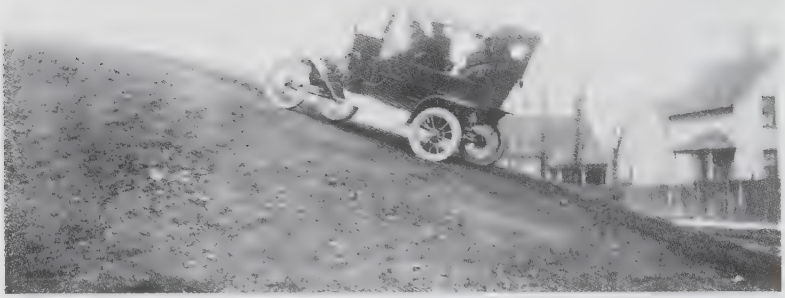
The first regular factory built car came through on September 24th and Henry Ford promptly took it on a hunting trip to northern Wisconsin. He left Detroit with Burt Scott and C.J. Smith, who were to do the actual driving. Smith was distrustful of the new magneto so he insisted on putting a storage battery in the back of the car to have it in reserve. Henry scoffed at this, because he was sure the magneto would work. When they were halfway to Chicago they hit a bump, upset the storage battery and spilled acid all over the floor. Henry then told Smith to throw the battery away, which he promptly did.

They reached Chicago, three hundred forty-five miles away in sixteen and one half hours making an average speed of almost twenty-one miles per hour. At Chicago, the local branch manager borrowed the car for a while to show it to a few selected people who had been told about it. The hunting party then went to Milwaukee, where they saw the twenty-four hour automobile race being held there. Afterwards they drove to northern Wisconsin, stopping in Iron Mountain on the way.

Henry Ford stayed on at Iron Mountain while Burt and Smith drove the car back to Detroit. They had to go through a brush fire on the way and nearly got burned up as they tried to dash through it. Otherwise the return trip was uneventful. They arrived in Detroit on October 2nd where the mud stained car was photographed.[9]

Burt Scott recalls the trip, "the car behaved admirably, requiring not even a single adjustment in the entire ten days. A punctured tire sums up the difficulties we encoun-

tered on the trip. The roads going were six inches deep in dust. Returning after the rains, the roads were wet and muddy, and when we arrived in Detroit the car looked as if it had been taking a mud bath."



A MODEL "T" TOURING CAR IN A HILL CLIMBING CONTEST

These contests were a popular sport in the early nineteen hundreds. Hill climbing contests were always broken down into various classes determined by horsepower, weight, price and other factors. Seven or eight classes often resulted. Some such classes are cars of four hundred to one thousand pounds, priced below fifteen hundred dollars, might have only two entries. Therefore, it was possible for a hill climb winner to have beaten exactly one car; but it still took a gold medal and a full page advertisement in "The Horseless Age."

PART 5
CONCEPT OF THE RACE

In March of 1909, there came into the office of the Ford Motor Company, an announcement of a contest to be run under the auspices of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. This contest, or race if your prefer, was to start from New York City and end in Seattle. There were no restrictions as to size or power of cars, no schedules to make it a joy ride for contestants, no limitations to handicap any entry. It looked like a splendid chance for a car to prove it's superiority. Henry Ford at once decided to enter and so advised the committee in charge of arrangements.[10]

Henry Ford expected that the entry list would be large. Certainly no such chance had ever before been offered to prove the possibilities of the modern automobile. Here was no circular track event whereon a sudden short lived burst of speed on the part of a possibly inferior car could bring home some unworthy contestant a much heralded winner. Unless the car was worthy, it would not finish. If the car were right, it could be expected to go through and any car that finished such a grueling run would reflect credit on the manufacturer. And what a change it offered not only to prove the claims each manufacturer made for his car, but to bring out the weak points in design and construction and so offer an opportunity to improve the product through actual knowledge of the needs as brought out in service.

At least Mr. Ford so regarded it and his entry was influenced thereby.

At first this seemed to be the general opinion and a large entry appeared assured; at one time there were thirty-five cars promised. These promises went as far as promises could without resolving themselves into signed entries. But, investigations began to bring to light the difficulties of the trip. Stories of the gumbo mud of the central west, of the sands of Wyoming and Idaho, the mountains from Colorado west, and of the snow in many of the passes began to appear. A big pathfinder, out for two months, was still on the way. Then the enthusiasm dwindled. Many manufacturers appeared to be glad that no actual entry had been made. The possible entrants decreased in number, at times it appeared as if the two Fords would have no competition. Henry Ford had decided, however, to make the run, race or no race, for here was a chance to prove that a light weight car, well built, was the right car for every day, all kinds of road, use.[10]

"It was around the end of March," Burt recalled, "when Henry came into the shop where I was working."

"I'm going to enter the big race from New York to Seattle," he announced. "I've decided to enter two cars. Frank Kulick will drive the first car, but I want you to drive another one as back up. Are you up to it?"

"How far is it?" Burt asked.

"Who knows?" Henry responded, "there's a pathfinder car trying to drive it right now. It won't be any picnic. Roads in the west will be bad at best. May not even be any in some places."

"I'll give it my best," Burt assured his boss, "when do we start?"

"On June first, I think," said Henry.

He was right.

Before the race got underway, the Manufacturers Contest Association passed resolutions disapproving the contest on the grounds that it encouraged violations of speed laws, and that the contest offered too much opportunity for rebuilding cars enroute. The rules were accordingly amended and a daily schedule as far as St. Louis arranged. West of there the condition of the roads would prevent speed violations. The contest, as arranged, had the sanction of the Automobile Club of America.

No race ever run encountered one tenth as much opposition as did this Transcontinental Contest for the M. Robert Guggenheim trophy. Ascribe it to whatever reason you desire, the ruling of the Manufacturers Contest Association, excess of business, or a knowledge of the inability of the product to go through creditably. Of the original thirty-five entrants promised, only six were actually entered.[10]

No. 1—Ford Model "T," Frank Kulick and H.B. Harper

No. 2—Ford Model "T," Burt Scott and C.J. Smith

(Each Ford was four cylinder, twenty horsepower, twelve hundred pounds)

No. 3—Stearns, Model 30-60 (four cylinder, forty-six horsepower, four thousand, six hundred pounds)

No. 4—Acme (six cylinder, forty-eight horsepower, three thousand, five hundred pounds)

No. 5—Shawmut (four cylinder, forty-five horsepower, four thousand, five hundred pounds)

No. 6—Itala (four cylinder, 50-60 horsepower, approximately four thousand pounds)

The Fords were listed as numbers one and two because they were the first official entries in the race.

There were thirteen rules established for conduct of the race. Only two of these are of particular significance: Rule 1—Each entrant, on leaving New York, will be provided with a passport containing the names and locations of the checking stations along the route. There would be checking stations only as far as St. Louis. The checking officials at these stations will vise these passports, which must be turned into the committee at Seattle, while the crew must also sign a prepared card which they will mail to the referee. Contesting cars will be controlled between New York and St. Louis and six twelve hour control stations will be established at the following points: Poughkeepsie, Syracuse, Buffalo, Toledo, Chicago, and St. Louis. The transcontinental record made by the winning car will be credited with the three days consumed by the control periods. Schedules for each control point were arranged with due regard for the speed laws of the various states.

The other most significant rule was Rule 5 - The car first arriving at Seattle which has complied with the rules of the race and whose passports shall be found to be correct, will be declared the winner of the M. Robert Guggenheim thirty-five hundred dollar trophy and the entrant will be presented with the trophy and with a cash prize of two thousand dollars in gold. The entrant of the second car arriving in Seattle will receive fifteen hundred dollars, the entrant of the third car arriving will receive one thousand dollars. The entrant of the fourth car arriving will receive five hundred dollars and the entrant of the fifth car three hundred dollars. The third, fourth and fifth cash prizes, however, will not be given unless there are more than ten entries and unless they shall arrive at the finishing point within seven days of the arrival of the second car.

For the crews who were to drive the cars, two thousand

dollars would be most welcome. After all, you could build a nice home in 1909 for two thousand dollars. Also, a gold cup would look fine on the mantle. But, these drivers had an additional incentive, they wanted to prove that a man behind the wheel of this fascinating new machine called an automobile could go anywhere on earth he chose.

In addition to the formal rules, Mr. Ford personally authorized a reward of one thousand dollars to any man who furnishes information that would convict any entrant of riding on the rails by using flanged or other special wheels or being carried any part of the distance on any sort of railroad car.

He also instructed all his dealers that the police officials in towns through which the Ford cars would pass, meet the cars outside town and ride through town with the drivers so as to guarantee compliance with official requirements.

From the first day that the challenge to race across the continent was issued, newspapers debated the issue that automobiles might seriously become something more than a plaything of the rich. "A lot of nonsense" was the most common reaction. "Cars are hardly able to drive on smooth streets, when at all. How can they possibly be expected to navigate the wagon ruts between towns, or worse yet, in places in the west where there are no roads at all?"

It was generally agreed, however, that the proposed race would give automobile makers a chance to put up or shut up about their cars ever replacing horses.

But those promoting the race kept up their efforts. From the many auto makers they felt that there would surely be many entrants.

Henry Ford's determination to enter the race was based in large measure on his feeling that the race would be the

perfect show place for thousands of potential Model "T" customers to see and hear about the Model "T"s capability to conquer existing road conditions. Thousands of people could imagine themselves being transferred from a buggy seat to the wheel of an automobile. Henry Ford was not the type to overlook such an opportunity. He had settled on one standard model and invented a new manufacturing process called the assembly line from which Model "T"s were spewing forth. His determination was emphasized by his entry of not one, but two cars in the Big Race.

If a horseless carriage could actually cross the continent under its own power it would change the thinking of the civilized world. It would open many closed minds. If it could be done in a Model "T", it would also be a convincing demonstration that a light weight machine would meet existing conditions far better than a heavier more costly one.

C.J. Smith was selected to be the mechanic and backup driver for Burt Scott in Ford car No. 2. Smith describes how he was chosen. "I was born about forty miles east of Windsor, Canada in little town called Wheatly. I came to the United States in 1900 when my father moved here. Even then, as a youngster, I had heard about the race tracks and the racing automobiles, and I was interested. My first job was with the Fuller Electric Company at Russell Street where my father was an engineer.

I happened to meet Mr. Ford one day when he came over with a cylinder block he wanted bored out. I was working on a big boring mill at the time. For about a week when I was boring that out, he was over there. He asked me what I thought about the automobile business, and I said, "That's what I want to get into." He told me come over to see him. I did, and that's how I got into the Ford Motor

Company. That was in 1906. The plant was then at Piquette and Beaubien in Detroit.

I started out at the plant running a boring mill and a milling machine. I was milling cams for the old Model "B". That was a four cylinder copper jacketed engine. I did that for quite a while and one day Mr. Ford came down and asked me if I would like to work up in the Experimental Room. I told him that was just what I would like. He told me to go see Bob Grant in the Experimental Room the next morning and have him put me there. I was in there ever since.

Mr. Ford was always going through the plant. I'd see him often. He was always in the plant seeing what was going on. He liked to talk to the men as he walked through. There weren't very many men there in those days; the plant had only two floors. They had a test plant for testing engines next to the main building. It was just a garage.

In testing the Model "T", we tried it out on the road. The main innovations in the Model "T" were the transmission and the magneto. At that time Flanders was there as production boss. A man named Thomas Walborn was also there. When the Model "T" came out, Flanders and Walborn didn't like it. They wanted a bigger car. I think though that the drop in sales when the Model "K" was put on the market was the final convincing argument for the light car.

Mr. Ford tested the Model "T" himself. He went out with us many a time. Mr. Ford wouldn't let anything go out of the shop unless he was satisfied that it was as nearly perfect as you could make it. He wanted it right. There was the tractor, for instance, that had to be right. He wouldn't sell the tractor they developed from various parts because it wasn't right yet.

I think the reason the Ford Motor Company took part in the transcontinental race was that Mr. Ford wanted to show that a light car would do better than some of the big cars. I don't know how the other drivers were picked, but they came to me and told me that Burt Scott was the driver of one car and I was to be the mechanic. Kulick and Harper went in car No. 1. (Harper used to be the advertising manager) and we went in No. 2.[8]

PART 6
NO CARS ALLOWED!

It is difficult to imagine conditions during the time the first transcontinental race was being planned. In the years of the early 1900s the national reaction to the appearance of the horseless carriage on the streets of America was amusement and good natured raillery. It was greeted somewhat as a man hails an acquaintance wearing a new or different hat, or an unusual style of shoes. The general tendency on the part of almost everybody was to poke fun at it. Especially if it happened to be a home made job that was bulky or unusually noisy.

Not until the discovery that it was to be largely a plaything of the well-to-do did the raillery turn to derision. Then gradually the derision became distrust and scoffing. There was a general impression that the darn thing was no good and never would be. But, when it began to run well enough to become somewhat of a nuisance, the public was disappointed and the people who were depending on the horse for their transportation were downright displeased.

The city dweller, especially if he thought he would never be able to have a horseless carriage himself, confined his displeasure to grumbling and growling, and to tapping with his finger on that part of the newspaper which reported that another pedestrian had been maimed or slaughtered. But, in the country districts where there was nobody to hear the grumbling and the newspaper came

only once a week, the hostility took a more tangible form and resorted to reprisal.

Word went around that tacks and glass scattered in the road would keep motorists away. There can be no doubt that the motorists were annoyed and at times very angry over this treatment, but they still kept coming. Tales of farmers burying old rakes in the highways, teeth turned upward and concealed from sight, were not uncommon.

The city motorist, as soon as he reached home with his new car, was faced with a storage problem, where could he keep his horseless vehicle? With livery stables in almost every block, there had been no difficulty about stabling a horse. But the livery man had quickly recognized the power driven vehicle as the enemy of the horse and had organized against it. The motorist applying for space in a livery stable was about as likely to get it as an inebriate asking for a drink at the W.C.T.U.

The city fathers determined long before the state had thought of such a thing to keep the motorist and his devil wagon in hand. In no two towns were the regulations alike and a bewildered motorist away from home had no way of knowing whether or not he was breaking the law.

One of the most famous restrictions of the period was organized in Urbana, Ohio where an ordinance limited speed to four miles an hour and required a bell or gong to be sounded within fifty feet of a crossing and to be kept sounding until after the crossing had been passed. Perhaps Bedlam would have been a better name for the pretty little town if this ordinance had ever been enforced.

In every locality the lawmakers seemed to be outdoing themselves. On the prairies of South Dakota, which must have been a stronghold of the horse, the question of speed was quite definitely settled for the motorcar; the city of

Mitchell passed an ordinance forbidding any motor vehicle to enter the city limits. This kind of legislation in a city of ten thousand supporting two newspapers and a large university will give some idea of the hostility toward the motorcar during the first decade of the twentieth century.

Missouri was hostile, but not adverse to making money out of the motorcar. Registration was required in each county with a registration fee of two dollars. It was worth more to drive in St. Louis where the registration fee was ten dollars. Crossing the state from east to west would cost the motorist about thirty dollars in registration fees. From north to south the cost would run up over fifty dollars. Most of the tourists thought it wasn't worth the price and went around. At the time there was nothing to cope with a situation like that.

In the early days the registration plate of one state was not recognized in another except for the purpose of identifying the visitor and dragging him to the registry office so that he could be gypped for a local registration plate. Michigan, the exception, welcomed all comers and her generosity paid off in the end. New York was early in accepting the registration plates of another state, but insisted that turnabout was fair play, although never rigid about enforcement. There were occasional spats with New Jersey and Connecticut when New York would get the feeling that her generosity was being abused.

Another first for New York State was the use of bicycle cops to make the first motorists behave. Without some form of proof it was almost impossible to convict an alleged speeder for exceeding the limit. The bicycle ran so quietly that the motorist seldom knew he was being pursued until he was in the hands of the law. The force started with only two mounted officers, but when these two began to bring

the speeders in, the force was enlarged. A very famous case went down in the books where three officers were required to make the arrest of a motorist speeding through a restricted area.

Policeman Stover spied the offender at 57th street, leaped on his bicycle and started in pursuit. But the motorist was too fast for him and after chasing him as far as 72nd street the cop became winded and motioned to another officer to take up the chase. Officer Van Keuren there upon took over and pursued the villain to 92nd street where he gave up the chase and officer Vanderpol went after the fugitive and captured his man at 96th street when the motorist was delayed in traffic behind a street car and a wagon team. The fine was five dollars.[5]

AMERICAN ROADS - 1909

Rural American roads, where there were any, were terrible in 1909. At best, the country "turnpike" at that time was a stretch of packed dirt and rock eight or ten feet wide and just about long enough to get the traveler safely beyond the edge of town. At worst it was a pair of rutted wheel tracks that meandered through the open country over any route not blocked by fences, deep streams, or dense woods. In the entire United States in 1909 there were only about one hundred forty thousand miles of hinterland highways that boasted "surfacing." The surfacing usually consisted of whatever material was nearby and in cheap abundance.

Because nature, especially in the northern and eastern states, had left sedimentary rock and glacial debris in vast deposits just under the earth's crust, about ninety-six percent of all surfaced roads in the country were covered with a veneer of gravel or crushed limestone.

Some areas made roads with a conglomerate of rock and sand, some used broken shale. A few roads, especially through sandy terrain, were made of wood planking. The first rural highway to be paved with concrete was a one mile stretch on Woodward Avenue, between Six Mile and Seven Mile roads just outside the corporate limits of Detroit, Michigan. That road opened to traffic in June of 1909.

But, the back country roads were mostly uncharted wagon paths through either dust or mud, depending on the season, and were so bad according to Colliers magazine that it cost more to haul a ton of wheat from farm to market than to ship that ton from New York to Liverpool.

In the early days, motorists had little or no influence with road building authorities. In fact the first movements for good roads were generated not by auto owners, but by bicyclists. Cycling was more than just a fad in the early 1900s. However, use of the bicycle was limited to strong long legged men who could pump the dangerous high wheelers. Use of a bicycle by a woman was out of the question. This all changed when John Dunlop introduced the pneumatic tire. It now became possible for almost anyone to own and manipulate a bicycle. The more owners there were, the more they wanted to pedal farther and farther out into the country. The rough farm trails used by wagons and horses weren't conducive to comfortable cycling. So a group called the Wheelmen began to put pressure on congress to do something about the national highways.

The various states, still in debt from the war, had no money to spend on road improvements. Private companies were authorized to build and operate roads called turnpikes. A pike or pole guarded each entrance to these toll

highways and when a traveler paid the required fee, the pike was turned to permit him to pass, thus these roads came to be called "turnpikes."

Travel in winter and spring was practically impossible. On rare occasions a turnpike company would build a bridge, but usually streams had to be forded. This required that roads had to wander considerable distances to the shallow spots in rivers and creeks.

Although the automobile did not replace the bicycle as it eventually did the horse, it did push the manually pedalled bicycle aside. Bikes became the playthings for youngsters. Western Union messengers, students, and exercise buffs became principal users of the bicycle.

Test runs, races, and group tours emphasized just how bad the situation really was, especially west of the Mississippi River. No state wide coordination created chaotic conditions. A motorist had no assurance that a road in one state or county would continue when he reached the border. There was no uniformity of construction and it was not unusual for a two lane road to split around a tree or large rock. Travel required sheer bravery.

RULES OF THE ROAD

A newspaper correspondent in 1909 pointed out some of the evils of automobiling. "It is undeniable that the speed laws are violated; that some chauffeurs drive as if the devil were after them, or sitting at their elbows. It is true also that dripping pans are emptied either too often or not often enough as the streams of oil that color the gutters on a rainy day strikingly show. There are poor drivers with poor cars that use the 'cut-out' too much, making the noise of which our readers complain. But, after all, the greatest

abuse is that of the use of acetylene lamps on city streets. They blind other drivers and pedestrians and are not needed to guide the car of the offender in any well lighted city.

"A great many automobilists do not so offend. They reserve the headlights for country roads where they are needed though many a farmer returning from market has had cause to curse the searchlight that maddens his horse and confuses himself. The unpopularity of the automobile in the rural regions is due even more to these headlights than to the tire chains, which are supposed to rip up the highway, but which are really no more destructive of road surface than are the narrow tired wagons used by some farmers. It would be well if these lights could be shut off on the approach to another vehicle. The headlights of suburban trolley blazes away full in the face of any other occupant of the highway, be he driver or walker. Its nuisance of light is as great as that of the automobile.

"With this observation we approach the other side of the shield. The automobilist suffers, with other drivers, from the trolley headlight. The too brightly lighted automobile is matched by the totally unilluminated wagon and carriage. In the city, tardy enforcement of an old ordinance has caused the lighting of the lamps on public hacks. But, there are no lights on private vehicles. There are no lights on the bicycles and motorcycles. In the country no sort of vehicle is required to carry a lamp. The automobilist on a dark road has to protect both himself and the buggy or democrat wagon which he discerns dimly through the dusk. In the city the automobile is kept as busy dodging the bicycle as the pedestrian is kept busy evading the motor car. The fact that pedestrians and coachmen are so careless is pretty good proof that the automobilist gener-

ally is careful. They rely on him while reviling him. Perhaps the world would be happier if it did not rush about so in devil wagons, however common sense must be applied to this proposition."

THE AUTOMOBILE AND THE LAW

Going behind cars: Where an automobilist not being able to see a crossing, which he was approaching because of a passing street car, instead of stopping his machine, merely changed its direction so as to go around the car and by so doing came suddenly upon and ran into a person who was running for the car. He was held to be guilty of gross negligence and liable for the injuries.

Movement, speed and noises: Care must be exercised both in the movement and speed of the vehicle and also in making unusual noises.

When duty to stop: If the operator sees, or by the exercise of ordinary care, ought to see, that a horse is frightened, he must exercise ordinary care and, if necessary to avoid an accident, stop his automobile and should not start up again where it is apparent that by so doing it will cause the horse further fright and likely result in an accident.

Explosions from gasoline engines: The operator of an automobile stopped in the street near a blacksmith shop. He, the defendant in this case, noticed that the plaintiff's horse had become frightened as his machine came to a full stop. Plaintiff got out and took his horse by the head and while the animal was still snorting and prancing, the motorist started up again. The horse broke away upsetting the carriage and throwing the plaintiff down. It was held that the defendant had violated the duty which he owed

plaintiff to refrain from careless or heedless injury and was liable in damages.[11]

PART 7
PRELIMINARIES TO THE RACE

On April 15th, M. Robert Guggenheim deposited with the Automobile Club of America five thousand three hundred and fifty dollars in gold to guarantee the cash prizes that are to be contested for in June by the motor cars entering the transcontinental endurance test that is to take place in June from New York to Seattle. Upon receipt of the guarantee, the Automobile Club gave its sanction to Mr. Guggenheim and the Seattle Automobile Club for the contest.

Mr. Guggenheim presented to Mayor McClellan, who will start the cars in the ocean to ocean journey, a Yukon gold revolver and also outlined to the Mayor the conditions under which the contest will be conducted. When Mr. Guggenheim explained that the State of Washington had appropriated one hundred twenty-five thousand dollars and Idaho fifty thousand dollars to improve the roads over which the contest will be run, Mr. McClellan said that he believed the event would work toward the betterment of roads over the American continent.

Mayor McClellan said that to prevent speeding in New York City he would have a cordon of police escort the cars to the city limits. Drivers of cars should remember, he said, that this transcontinental run is not a race, but a contest.

Mr. Oscar Stolp, private owner of a Stearns automobile, had petitioned the Stearns Manufacturing Company to support him with his entry in the cross country race.

He received the following letter from the Sterns Company:

Mr. Oscar Stolp,
20-22 Fletcher Street
New York City,
Dear Sir:

As manufacturers, we are not at this time in favor of any transcontinental race and would not directly or indirectly support such a race or support any of our owners, either financially or by establishing repair stations, the lending of mechanics, or other assistance. We are committed to this action as a result of the two days meeting held at New York by the Manufacturers' Contest Association, of which we are members.

I do not know, as you are aware, what you are up against in a trip of this kind, but I assure you that for a private owner, the trip is impossible. How can you hope to compete with fully equipped factory organizations who are willing to spend fifteen or twenty thousand dollars to get their car in Seattle in record time?

I cannot advise you too strongly against attempting to make this run.

Yours very truly,
F.B. Stearns, President

Oscar Stolp requested the approval and assistance of the Stearns Company in putting his car in the contest, without which help, he stated, he could not see his way

clear to enter. Mr. Stearns' reply leaves no possibility of doubt as to the light in which the manufacturers view the decision of the Manufacturers Contest Association not to lend its support to the New York Seattle event.

There has been considerable friction over the ocean to ocean contest. Mr. Robert Guggenheim, donor of the trophy for which the contestants will compete, announced a few days ago that he, as referee, will see that the speed laws of the various states through which the cars will pass are not violated. The Automobile Club of America has given unqualified sanction to the contest, but some of the Manufacturers' Contest Association have been opposed to the event from the outset.

John Kane Mills, representing M. Robert Guggenheim, when interviewed on the subject said:

"I have seen Mr. Webster, who is in charge of Mr. Stolp's car, and Mr. Webster's determination to go through to Seattle is unaltered, although he regrets that the Stearns people have not sufficient confidence in their car to back up its performance. The statement contained in the press sheet sent out by rival promoters, who have their own axe to grind to the effect that it costs fifteen to twenty thousand dollars to send a forty-five hundred car on a four thousand mile trip across the continent does not speak well for the high priced American car and should not be welcomed by the importer, Mr. Wyckoff, who has confidence in his product and by the manufacturers of the less gaudy, but stalwart American cars who desire to make a name for themselves by ocular demonstration and not by the mandate of a committee sitting behind closed doors."[5]

So, in spite of the objections of the manufacturer, the Stearns car was, in fact, entered in the race.

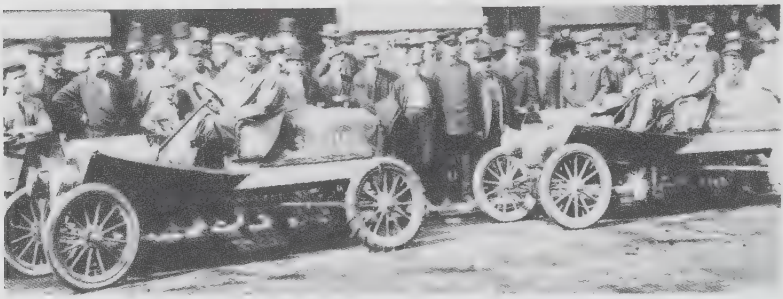
PART 8
THE START OF THE BIG RACE

Three minutes before three o'clock on June 1, 1909, the engines of the cars were cranked and all was in readiness for the long trip. On a small table at the top steps of the City Hall entrance was a telegraph outfit connected with a gold key in Washington, which President Taft, was to press to open the Alaska-Yukon Pacific Exposition at Seattle. Simultaneous with the opening of the Exposition, the President was to start the contest by signaling Mayor McClellan.

Mayor McClellan, carrying the glittering gold revolver, walked down the City Hall steps a few minutes before three o'clock and awaited word from Washington. The moment it came he raised the revolver above his head and pulled the trigger. There was a flash of flame and a report.

The first car to swing out of the plaza in front of City Hall and head uptown was a yellow taxicab containing Lieutenant O'Rourke, of the Police Department, who escorted the machines out to the city limits. Immediately behind the taxicab was a forty-five horse, six cylinder Ford driven by Fred Teves and containing J.H. Gerrie, representative of the Automobile Club of America who will act as official pacemaker for the contesting cars as far west as St. Louis. The racers starting were the two Fords, the Acme, the Shawmut, the Itala. The Sterns was not able to

get away until June 5th, then it broke down and was withdrawn.



THE TWO FORD ENTRIES AT THE START

HENRY FORD (IN FRONT OF TREE) SUPERVISING START OF THE RACE

Broadway was lined with people as the racy looking autos sped northward. The cars kept on Broadway to 119th Street, where they turned over to Riverside Drive and passed

Grant's tomb. Once outside the city the bicycle policemen who were monitoring the cars, dropped off. With this restraint off, the contestants made better time.

Dobbs Ferry, Tarrytown, Ossining, Croton, Peekskill, Cold Spring, Fishkill Village, and Wappingers Falls were passed through on the way to Poughkeepsie.

The cars completed the first day's travel of seventy-three miles to Poughkeepsie at 7 o'clock that night. They were due in that city at 6 o'clock, but in order to keep them running within the speed limit the pacemaker extended the time of arrival one hour. The trip to this point was uneventful except when the Acme went off the road and traveled ten miles over its scheduled mileage, and the Ford No. 2 did the same near Garrison and was delayed six minutes.

Quoting Pacemaker John Gerrie:

"The tenacity of the little Ford contestants was an eye opener to me," said Gerrie. "Though I made the pace in a six cylinder car that took the grades as easily as the levels, I found it impossible ever to get away from the midget competitors. On the famous Tribes Hill in the Mohawk Valley and the heartbreaking Camillus Hill near Syracuse, Ford car No. 2 actually beat me to the top."[10]

The drivers were all fresh upon arrival at Poughkeepsie. The daily runs from now on will be more strenuous, however, and the drivers were glad for a night's rest at the Nelson House. From here on the night controls will compel twelve hours of rest.

JUNE 2nd

Starting at 7 a.m. with Syracuse as the destination the entire day passed uneventfully. Albany and Fonda, the

two intermediate control points, were made on time with all the cars in a bunch. The contestants reached Syracuse after a run of two hundred miles. Half of the day's journey was over State roads, but Pacemaker Gerrie saw to it that the machines traveled at a speed well within the lawful limit.

The Acme, which arrived in Poughkeepsie after the other cars on June 1st, was not allowed to leave that control the following morning until after the other cars had departed. It had no difficulty, however, making up the lost time and overtook the other cars.

Between Hudson and Valatie the pacemaker and four of the competing cars got off course and it was some time before they returned to the right road. Meanwhile the Itala, which had remained on the course, arrived at Albany in advance of the pacemaker. The penalty for this offense, according to the rules governing the contest, is disqualification, but under the circumstances, the Itala driver was excused.

JUNE 3rd

The five cars traveled one hundred and ninety miles on their run to Buffalo from Syracuse and all of the cars arrived at this point on time. They held closely to their ten hour schedule and though capable of speeds in excess of sixty miles per hour, crawled along at a speed averaging one third that. Up to this point none of the cars experienced any tire trouble and the contestants were very optimistic about the rest of the journey to the Pacific Coast.

THE ERIE DISPATCH, ERIE, PA, JUNE 4th

"The New York to Seattle automobile endurance run was held up for a few minutes here today when Ray Sheets,

driver of the pilot car was arrested at the Reed House by policeman Pinney, on a charge of violating the speed laws of the town. Sheets tried to explain to the policeman that his car was making a run across the continent and that the whole country was interested in the speed of the machines, but Pinney insisted that the driver accompany him to the police station and the two whirled away in the machine while the other automobiles awaited their return. The chauffeur put up twenty-five dollars bail and the race resumed."

On this fourth day's run the cars encountered the worst weather and road conditions so far encountered during the contest. The day's run was the longest on the schedule of controls, three hundred miles from Buffalo to Toledo, Ohio having to be traveled. For the first time since the start there was tire trouble and plenty of it. The cars ran into a rain storm between Cleveland and Fremont, which in no way helped to improve the condition of the roads.

Because of these conditions, the cars for the first time became widely separated and the pacemaking car for the most part made only its own pace.

In the soft mud near Loraine, Ohio, the four cylinder Acme skidded into a deep ditch. The big car was saved from the swamp only by striking a tree at the foot of the embankment. All the crew except George Salzman jumped as the car left the road but none were injured. After four horses occupied four hours trying to pull the car out of the ditch a trolley car came to the rescue and drew the Acme up on the road again. The only damage sustained to the car was smashed head lamps. The Shawmut and Itala cars came along while the Acme was down the hill and their crews insisted on helping the

Acme crew out of their trouble. The two Ford runabouts were the first to arrive in Toledo having made the trip within the fifteen hour schedule.

THE TOLEDO TIMES, TOLEDO, OHIO, JUNE 5th

"RACING CARS PASS THROUGH TOLEDO. Spinning over soupy roads filled with mud and water, skidding from one rut into another, but often keeping up a dangerous, foolhardy, dare devilish clip of forty to forty-five miles per hour, the autos in the New York - Seattle race tore into Toledo last night.

"All got away for Chicago today. The Ford cars left at 8 o'clock this morning. The other cars having been penalized for late arrivals last night got away about noon.

"And maybe that isn't a real race. There are only five automobiles in it, but they are doing the limit every day. The two Ford runabouts were first into Toledo by several hours. Frank Kulick and B.W. Scott driving like mad between Cleveland and Toledo to get here on time.

THE TWO FORDS ENTERING CLEVELAND, OHIO

"The writer went out yesterday afternoon with Stanley Roberts, local Ford manager, to meet the racers at Fremont. The roads were in fearful shape, but Fremont was

reached a couple of hours before there was any sign of the race machines. When the first Ford crossed the bridge over the Sandusky river there began a race between Roberts, in the pilot car, and Kulick and Scott in the two little machines.

"Although a schedule was mapped out, speed limits were entirely ignored in the mad rush across Ohio. The first Ford car to leave Fremont made the trip in one hour and nineteen minutes over roads of mud and over bumps that threatened a hundred times to hurl the drivers into the ditches.

"A section of the road out of Fremont on the way to Toledo is undergoing repairs and a soft mud highway is the only one traveled. The skidding in that was something frightful, but Roberts drove the pilot through it forty miles an hour. He finally overhauled Kulick and Scott, but once again on the stone pike, Kulick went ahead and smoked into Toledo like an express train.

"Fremont, usually vigilant about speed laws, let them go by the board and the whole town was out to see the cars go through. When they hit the paved street, throttles were opened wide and all available gas was burned. All along the mud roads one man was kept busy bailing mud out of his driver's goggles and the glasses finally had to be abandoned entirely."

The drivers were thankful that there had been no accidents so far unless the death of an unfortunate chicken near Michigan City and the sudden hiking of a rural horse for a deep ditch near South Bend can be called accidents. They spent thirty minutes getting that horse out and righting the buggy.[10]

JUNE 5th

While the fourth day's journey was a hard one this day's trip to Chicago was even worse. The cars had to plow their

way through the mud and they were widely separated when they eventually arrived in Chicago. The two Fords were the first cars to arrive in the Western metropolis and they were followed by the Acme, Shawmut and Itala cars in the order named.

Gus Lechleiter, driver of the Itala car, was taken ill with diphtheria on the road between South Bend, Indiana and Chicago and immediately upon his arrival he was hurried to a hospital. John Gerrie, the Automobile Club of America representative on the trip was instructed to get the consent of the other drivers to have a substitute driver put in Lechleiter's place. This consent was not obtained and the Itala car was delayed in Chicago.

SPECIAL TO THE NEW YORK TIMES: BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS, JUNE 6th

"The two Ford cars, leading the New York to Seattle contest for the M. Robert Guggenheim Trophy, left Chicago at 9 o'clock this afternoon. The Itala car is said to have left Chicago at 3 o'clock this afternoon and is expected here. The Fords are piloted by local agents of the Ford Company, which has enabled them to keep the course better than the other contestants. The Acme and Shawmut cars got lost many times and they will not reach St. Louis until tomorrow."

On the trip from Chicago to St. Louis the cars encountered the worse roads met during the run from New York. The three hundred fifty-three miles from Chicago to the Missouri Metropolis had to be made over frightful roads and it took the transcontinentalists over twenty-two hours to negotiate the distance. The two little Fords continued

to precede their higher powered competitors and arrived in St. Louis at 7 a.m., June 7th.

The Shawmut was the next arrival, coming in at 9 o'clock while the Acme, which took things leisurely, checked in at the Jefferson Hotel an hour after the Shawmut.

With the arrival of the cars in St. Louis, the work of the pacemaker, John Gerrie, came to a conclusion and from there on to the Alaska-Yukon Pacific Exposition in Seattle, Washington, the cars were free to travel any route they chose providing they report at certain cities selected by the managers of the contest.

Not withstanding the strain of the one thousand four hundred and thirty- seven miles journey from New York to St. Louis, all of the cars were in excellent condition for the long trip westward. The Acme, which had been the pacemaker for most of the distance, has carried five passengers throughout and frequently has taken a pilot aboard giving a total of six. This is double the number carried by any of the other cars, but with all this the tool box was not opened up to this point.

The Shawmut is in equally good condition, while the little Fords look fit as at the start. The organization of Ford agents to pilot these cars in relays extends clear across the continent.

THE ST. LOUIS POST DISPATCH, ST. LOUIS, MO, JUNE 7th

"Four automobiles left here tonight in the actual race of the New York to Seattle contest. Up to this point the contestants have been under the control of John Gerrie, representing the Automobile Club of America, but from now to the end of the contest with all restraints thrown off

they will travel daily as far and as fast as they like. The Ford crews suddenly changed their plans this evening and left for Centralia at 8:15 p.m. The Acme and Shawmut crews were then called out of bed and soon started after the Ford cars."

EXCITING RACE FOR FERRY ACROSS THE MISSOURI RIVER

One of the most exciting days of the first half of the ocean to ocean contest was the race across Missouri. The Ford cars being the first to reach St. Louis were the first to leave getting away at 8 p.m. June 7th. About two hours later the big six cylinder fifty horse power Acme and the forty-five horse power Shawmut left.

Centralia was the first control. The Fords had been first to reach each control west of Erie and the big cars were keen to get even. On good roads a high powered racer naturally is fast, and first to reach Centralia, one hundred and fifty miles from St. Louis was the Acme, checking in at 6:10, only ten minutes later the two Fords came whizzing in.

To be second and third was galling, but an additional reason existed for winning the next lap. Eighty miles west of Centralia is the city of Glasgow on the Missouri river. Here the cars were scheduled to cross. The only means provided was a small gasoline powered ferryboat with a limited capacity. The first cars to arrive got the boat; the next ones would be compelled to wait until later for the boat was old and not to be depended upon.

All Glasgow was waiting anxiously, for the news had been phoned ahead. The ferry dock was crowded. Henry Ford, who was also there, was probably the most anxious

spectator of all. Just at 9 o'clock in came the two Fords, first and second, and where they had passed the other cars was unknown. But they were there. They were on the ferry and nearly across before any other cars came in. The ferry engine was hitting on two cylinders and drifting down the river. Could the ferryman make a landing? He missed it a hundred yards, missed it again, then made it and his old engine quit out for the day.

Fifteen miles farther is the Boonville ferry. One of the other cars hustled there and crossed while the other took to the ties and crossed on the railroad bridge.

THE DEMOCRAT NEWS, MARSHALL, MO, JUNE 8th

"The two leading cars in the ocean-to-ocean race passed through here at 11:30 this morning going at high speed. No. 1, a Ford car was in the lead, and No. 2, a car of the same manufacture, followed closely. The third car, a Shawmut, had not yet crossed the river at Glasgow at that hour, but was reported to be about to make the bridge. The pilot cars will stop here while the drivers take luncheon. The leaders in the race are now ahead of the pilots. The Ford cars are expected to reach Kansas City some time this afternoon."

THE HIGGINSVILLE JEFFERSONIAN, HIGGINSVILLE, MO, JUNE 8th

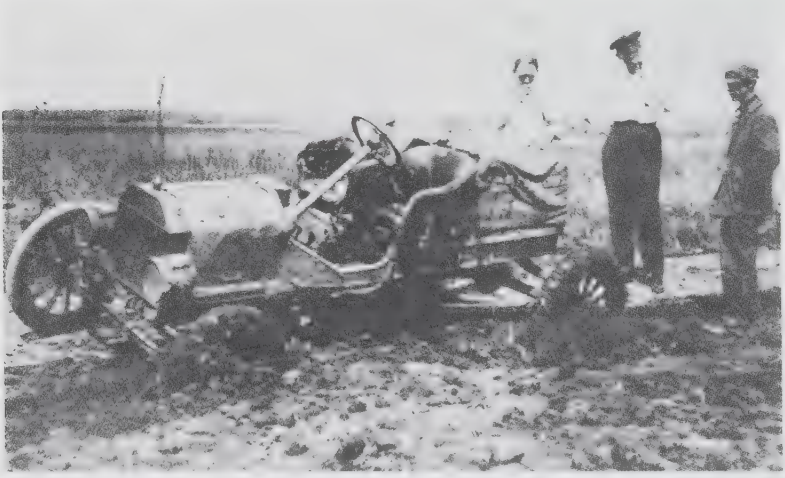
"The two Ford cars passed through here at 2:20 o'clock this afternoon."

THE ROAD NEAR ODESSA, MISSOURI, JUNE 8th

"Smitty, we were supposed to have improved roads from Marshall into Kansas City, where the hell are they?

"I don't know, but we're sure not on them. This isn't much wider than a foot path. We'll be in trouble if we meet a buggy coming our way, but in big, big trouble if we see a car coming in this direction." Smitty worried.

"We've been lucky to have such great local people help us out. It's the only break we've had."Burt commented. "If only this damn rain would stop."



STUCK IN THE MUD NEAR ODESSA, MISSOURI

PART 9
THE LUCY SEARFUSS STORY

ODESSA, MISSOURI, JUNE 7th

Lucy Searfuss was sixteen years old. She vividly remembers the events of June 7, 1909. "Living in the Midwest as we did and receiving most of our news only from our weekly paper, events happening in the East or West were often unnoticed by us; but we knew about the big race and we knew when the cars reached St. Louis.

I was about sixteen at this time. We lived in Odessa in winter and at the farm home in the summer. Our parents went to the farm in March and stayed until October. We three children kept the town contacts with the school orchestra and band by buggy, covering the six miles in about two hours. Our farm home was on the direct route from Mayview to Odessa. Roads were rutted wagon trails that turned into morasses after rain. Road signs were unheard of in those days. My father had fine horses and it was my older brother's duty to drive or ride and so we always had one or more available for our use. On the nights when the orchestra practiced Ralph would hitch a young horse to a two-wheeled cart. He would strap his cornet to the back of the seat and I would firmly grip my violin between my feet and legs and wrap around my hand

the strap which held the bow and violin together and we would start for town.

What happy times we had! Our parents never worried any more about us than parents do today when their young people start out in their powerful cars for an evening of fun.

This time, after we got to town, a dark cloud appeared in the west and when we got to the orchestra meeting the news was being phoned around that all horses were to be taken off the road between Odessa and Mayview, for the racing cars reported leaving Higginsville, were expected to make Odessa that night. Ralph immediately tried to get in touch with papa to tell him that we would stay at the town home that night on account of the cars and also because now a heavy rain was falling. The telephone connection was very poor, and shout and repeat as best he could, all Ralph could get papa to understand was that it was raining and we wanted to stay in town. Papa answered, "Oh a little rain won't hurt you, come on home."

We obeyed him, though we were scared because of the storm and the uncertainty of what the frisky young horse might do if it was startled by thunder and lightning, or what if we encountered the racing cars?

I don't know why we didn't leave our instruments at school, but we fastened them as usual, his to the cart and mine in agonizing grip on my violin when I needed both hands to hold onto the lurching cart. As Ralph and I were hurrying out of town we hastily made our plans. We knew every foot of the way, the location of every house, gate or gap onto the road leading to field or home. As the lightning flashed we would make it from gap to gap, look ahead in the pitch black darkness for any approaching headlights and then dash on to the next gap. The horse was skittish,

but he stayed in the road, he seemed to want to get home as much as we did.

I'm sure we drove that horse faster than papa would have approved, but little did we think of that. We followed that grasshopper plan of making a dash from one gap to another all the way home. We never did see a car.

In the meantime, papa got the word about the cars from the emergency ring that was used to alert everybody on our country line. Then he understood what we had tried to tell him. He immediately saddled his horse and came to meet us, but we had really driven and were within a couple of miles of home. Papa scolded us for not staying in town, but being accustomed to obeying him, we never thought of doing otherwise than he said. That ride was a terrifying experience for we had never seen a car, only pictures of them and often exaggerated tales that were being told of the destruction and disturbance being caused by this loud, dangerous, and smelly invention.

The next morning people came from miles around and waited up and down our stretch of road because the word had come that the racing cars would be coming that way. They had been bogged down in the storm outside of Mayview, a short distance from our home. We hurried down to our gate to watch for them. Father went down the road when we first caught sight of them. They were not racing, they were battling the mud. Father talked with them as they plowed along. They went for about a quarter mile and then had to get out and dig the mud from the wheels. At places the cars sank into the mud clear up to the hubs and at that time, motor cars had high wheels. When this happened several men would take hold of the car and simply lift it out of the mud. These were two Fords, numbers one and two of the big race! The two Fords were

traveling as near together as possible and in addition to the drivers, they had extra men to work on the cars.

I remember how young they looked and how dirty and muddy they were. They eagerly inquired as to how far ahead of the other cars they were, but we knew nothing of this. In the days to come we watched the papers for news of their progress, and watched the road, but the other cars were heavier. There were also rains and the rivers were up. We missed seeing the others, but we got to see the Fords and it was one of them which won the race and the trophy.!" (This is an account of part of the Big Race as told to Jack B. Scott by Mrs. Lucy Searfuss)

THE KANSAS CITY TIMES,
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, JUNE 9th

"The two Ford roadsters in the New York to Seattle motor race arrived here together yesterday afternoon, one hour and thirty-five minutes ahead of their nearest competitor, the Acme car. The Shawmut car arrived ten minutes after the Acme. It was 5:15 o'clock when the Ford crews checked in at the Hotel Baltimore. At the wheel of the leading car was Frank Kulick, a New York racer who has established many records. With Kulick was H.B. Harper, Advertising Manager of the Ford Motor company. Car No. 2 was driven by Burt Scott, a Ford designer, with C.J. Smith as assistant driver. Clerks at the hotel signed the required certificates. The trip from St. Louis was made in twenty hours and forty-five minutes, including stops for meals, ferries and telegrams."

AT KANSAS CITY

"Boy are we tired," Burt remarked as they pulled into Kansas City. The drivers were in oilskin coats and very

wet caps with goggles turned up. They swayed exhaustedly in their seats, but tried to wave as enthusiastically as they could to people in the street cars and on the street as they came out to see them. Actually, both cars were in good running condition. Ford No. 2 had cut a tire near Independence, but didn't stop because they knew they were going to restock with tires and oil in Kansas City. The next morning Burt said he would never forget how good that bath and bed felt in the Baltimore hotel last night.

PART 10
WEST FROM KANSAS CITY

As the racers traveled westward from the Missouri River, the elevation of the land gradually rose. The upward tilt was so gradual that it was not perceptible. However, this upward slope would gain another fifteen hundred feet before meeting the Rockies. They would travel for a short distance through miles of tall prairie grass that gradually gave way to the short grasses of western plains. Kansas was like a great tabletop raised toward the west, however, the topography of the land held little interest for the car crews, their main concern was for the incessant rain and the resulting mud and high water.

Burt and Smitty were the first to leave Kansas City. It was raining. In fact, they encountered an almost continuous spell of wet weather for several days thereafter. They had donned their rubber coats and hip boots and sloshed through mile after mile of mud. Swollen streams had beds of quicksand and the cars striking them would instantly sink until the body resting on the sand prevented further settling. At these times Burt and Smitty were thankful they were driving light cars. Where the heavy cars had to resort to horses and a block and tackle, the two men could pick up their car, place the wheels on planks and proceed across. In all the clinging, clayey mud, quicksand and washouts, they never had to resort to outside power for

assistance. They got out of every difficulty without calling for aid, except for the help of the Ford crew.

Burt and Smitty had proceeded but a few miles out of Kansas City when an accident occurred, which for some time seemed likely to put them out of the race. They had decided to push on toward Topeka. In the slippery mud the car skidded down a fourteen foot embankment into a stream, throwing the two of them into the water. There the car lay until morning when the other Ford came along, helped pull No. 2 back on the road and then proceeded. The axle was badly bent for the drop had been sudden. Taking it out, Scott and Smith walked three miles to a blacksmith shop, straightened the axle, returned, replaced it and started again. They were now six hours behind.[10]

TROUBLE WEST OF KANSAS CITY

MANHATTAN, KANSAS, JUNE 9th

"Four of the automobiles in the New York to Seattle race for the Robert M. Guggenheim trophy checked in here this afternoon. The Ford car No. 1 was in the lead. Half an hour

after the Ford racer arrived, the Shawmut, No. 5 in the race, came whirling in and was soon followed by the No. 2 Ford. The Acme arrived an hour after the second Ford, but checked out half and hour ahead of the Ford, the latter being compelled to stay here for repairs. The Ford No. 2 spent last night in a ditch. The car was in bad condition when it arrived here. Manhattan is the halfway point between the start and finish of the transcontinental race. All of the drivers believe they will make Seattle in less than twenty-one days. The Itala car has not been heard of here."

PREPARING TO CROSS A STREAM WEST OF MANHATTAN, KANSAS, RACE CAR IS AT TOP OF HILL

West of Manhattan Burt and Smitty came to a stream swollen by all the rain. Although the stream was not very wide, it apparently was too deep to ford. They sat looking at the water for a few minutes. Burt asked Smitty if he had any ideas. He did not. They stared at the water a while longer. Finally Burt said, "I've got an idea. Get out the tarp while I back her up this little hill."Burt backed the car up the hill onto the tarp. Then the two of them cut holes in the tarp under each wheel. The tarp was drawn up tight

against the frame and securely tied in place. Smitty waded the stream to find the best crossing point (see picture). He gave Burt the signal and Burt gave the little car the gun, generating as much speed as possible down the hill. The car floated onto the stream and glided across to the other side. "We made it," the two exclaimed as they shook hands. "And that saved us some real time," Smitty added.

SOMETIMES IT WAS BETTER TO DRIVE OFF THE ROADS RATHER THAN ON. HERE THEY ARE SHOWN DRIVING THROUGH A CORN FIELD.

On many occasions Burt took the little Ford off the mud trail into a corn field to provide firmer traction. The weather and road conditions made fast time impossible.

In fifteen hours on June 11th the two Fords covered ninety miles. Five inches of rain fell between June 10th and 11th.

Late in the day on June 11th the two Fords came to another of the seemingly endless row of swollen streams. Burt and Frank Kulick conferred. Burt remembered passing some abandoned pig pens a couple of miles back. "Let's drag those pens up here and make a raft," he suggested. Frank was doubtful, but agreed to give it a try.

Bringing the pig pens to the edge of the stream was the easy part, trying to fasten the wood together with baling wire into some semblance of a raft was almost impossible. When they finally dragged their "raft" into the water it would barely float. They pushed one of the Fords onto their makeshift barge and the whole thing promptly sank to the bottom of the stream. However, it provided just enough buoyancy to enable them to drag the contraption across the stream. After manhandling the car up onto the bank they returned to repeat the procedure with the other Ford. The makeshift raft was abandoned and was last seen floating down the stream.

IN COLORADO QUICKSAND

Thirty-five miles east of Denver both Fords got into the quicksand of Sand Creek. They were thirty feet from shore and working in water up to their waists. If they had not had light cars they might have been there yet, but with

the aid of their tarps, which they repeatedly shoved under the rear wheels, they got both cars out and headed for Denver. Burt's team was now in the lead, but only by a few minutes.

GOODLAND KANSAS

In every town, large or small, the racers created excitement. Here the towns people inspect the mud covered Model "T"s on June 11th. The teams piloting the cars wore rubber coats and hip boots as they oozed their way across the country.

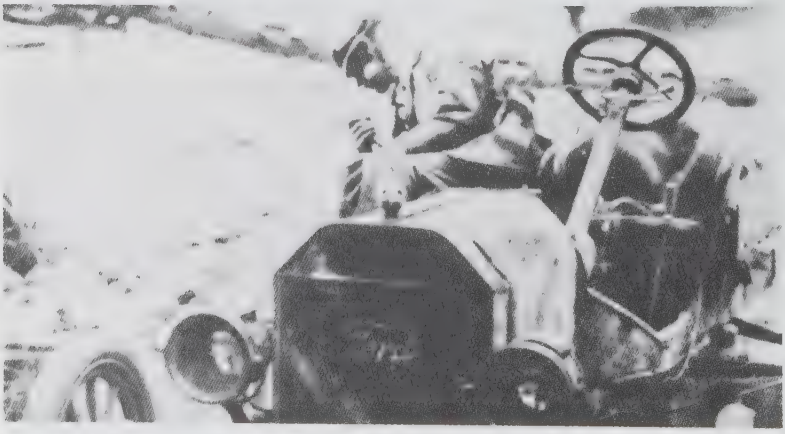
HEADLINES, LIMON, COLORADO, JUNE 12th

"The first car to arrive at Limon, Colorado on June 12th was the Shawmut, which pulled up at the control in that city shortly after noon, nearly an hour before the two Fords, which were running together. It was reported that the Acme went into a ditch and broke down a short

distance outside of Oakley, Kansas, while the last heard of the Itala up to this stage in the race was when it had arrived at Kansas City after getting out of a ditch near Litchfield, Illinois.

DENVER, COLORADO, JUNE 13th

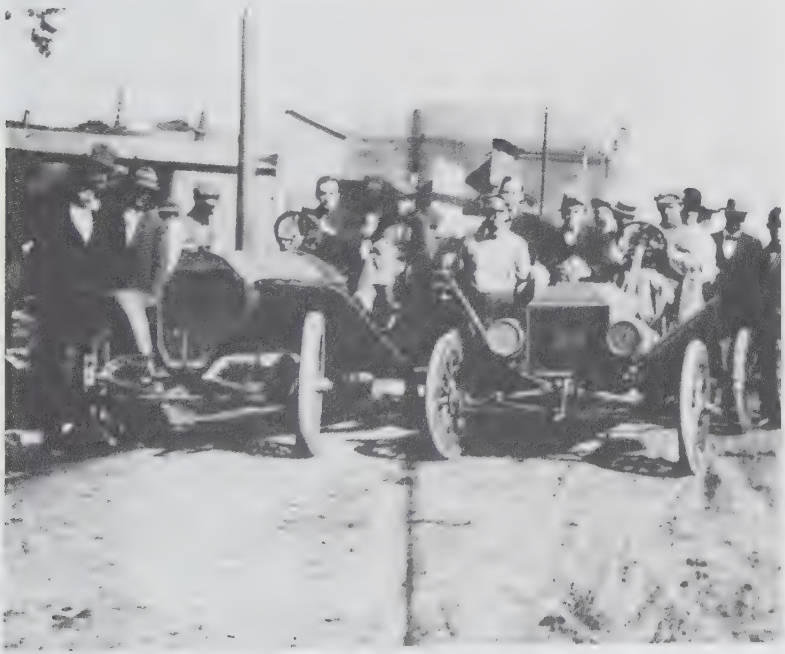
Upon reaching Denver, the crews of the two Fords rested and ate a good meal. Up to this point they had usually been able to eat, or more precisely, gobble a meal at one of the intermittent towns along the way. Although Henry had given them money for expenses along the route, most of the time some generous person would insist on picking up the check for their meal. Now, however, they would be heading north into rough country with widely scattered communities so they decided to carry some food and cooking utensils with them.



SMITTY WARILY WATCHES A RATTLESNAKE FROM THE FORD NEAR WORM CREEK, COLORADO. SNAKES, SCORPIONS AND OTHER PESTS WERE PROLIFIC BECAUSE OF THE WET CONDITIONS.

Burt and Smitty went into a general store and selected items they thought would come in handy. The owner of the store proved to be enthusiastic about the race. He insisted on giving them a side of bacon to go along with their other supplies.

The bacon later proved to be much more valuable than they could have possibly imagined as they pulled out of Denver. It was truly a fortuitous event that may possibly have influenced the outcome of the race.



THE LITTLE FORD AND THE BIG SHAWMUT SEEN ON ONE OF THE RARE OCCASIONS WHEN THEY STOPPED TOGETHER.

HEADLINES, CHEYENNE, WYOMING, JUNE 13th

"About six hours was consumed by the Ford No. 2 in negotiating the Denver Cheyenne leg of the four thousand mile journey and that car arrived in Cheyenne after traveling over roads which were rivers of mud. Besides traveling hub-deep in mud, the car encountered several rain and hail storms which did not help improve the comfort of the crew. The Shawmut was the second car to arrive in Cheyenne, checking in at 7:45 p.m., fifteen minutes later than the Ford No. 2."

TYPICAL ROAD CONDITIONS. THE MUD OF WYOMING WAS NO BETTER THAN THAT OF MISSOURI, KANSAS, OR COLORADO.

LARAMIE, WYOMING, JUNE 14th

West of Cheyenne came the bad lands and what perhaps might be termed the beginning of the real test. There had been some roads, though mostly bad, east of here, but now

a wagon trail had to serve. They traveled many a weary mile over seldom used rock and sand encumbered trails along which, but a short time previous Indians roamed wild. The brave and venturesome pioneer often traveled to his death on these same paths and sometimes Burt could almost believe they were following in his footsteps. A sure footed mule might think nothing of crossing the Rocky Mountains on trails laid out in a routebook, but for an automobile, that's another story.

On grades that were easily thirty percent (some of them looked fifty percent) they traveled mile after mile on trails not wide enough for a car to pass even a horse, not smooth enough to permit either Burt or Smitty to loose his hold for a minute for fear of being tossed hundreds of feet down the precipitous sides of the mountain. Burt wondered if some of the cars that did not enter the race were not owned by men familiar with these worse than severe conditions on the western mountain ranges.[5]

At one reasonably wide spot they stopped for a drink of water from the canteen they carried strapped to the front of the car. Smitty happened to look back and to his horror saw a streak of oil behind the car. A quick inspection revealed that they had lost the oil plug out of the crankcase. They both uttered a few choice curse words ending with "now what?"

Since they did not have a spare plug they obviously had to improvise. Burt remembered a remedy he had heard about someplace. He set Smitty to work whittling a plug out of a piece of mesquite. While this was being done, Burt gathered wood and started a fire. When the fire was going good, he put their cooking pan onto the hot coals and inserted several chunks of bacon fat, plus an equal amount of water. It took over an hour for the fat to boil down.

During the last couple of minutes they also boiled the plug that Smitty had carved. Finally, they drove the plug into the hole in the crankcase and poured in the fat and water mixture. With their fingers crossed they started back down the trail. Their makeshift repairs held until they reached the next town.

FORD NO. 2 IN THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS

With repairs made they again headed northwest. At Fort Steele, Wyoming they met another challenge. They discovered that the wagon bridge over the Medicine River had been washed out and it would be necessary to make a three hundred mile detour, unless they drove their machines over the Union Pacific trestle. Faced with a long delay, they waited until a freight train had crossed and then drove their cars across. The trestle was one hundred and fifty feet above the Medicine River and over half a mile long. It was a hair raising sensation. When they reached the other side, the conductor of the freight train that had preceded them was waiting with a stick in his hand. He threatened to arrest them and throw them in jail, but after

much argument and a promise to call the superintendent of the division and make a report to him of the incident, the conductor reluctantly let them go on their way.

Before they drove on, however, he asked of the other contestants and when told that they were taking the same route, he stationed two guards on the trestle and they were not permitted to pass. Consequently the other cars had to make the three hundred mile detour.

It was interesting to the racers to compare the time they were able to make with railroad schedules. They had an opportunity to do that at Cheyenne. Pulling out at eleven a.m. on June 14th they noticed No. 3, the China-Japan fast mail on the Union Pacific, just pulling out. Laramie is fifty-seven miles west of Cheyenne. The schedule for this train called for arrival in Laramie at 2:15 p.m. The train winds in and out around the mountains, the automobile trail went straight over them. They left Cheyenne with the train as it pulled away. Five times they met along the way and the passengers displayed a continually increasing interest. They began to watch for the racers. Both cars arrived in Laramie five minutes ahead of the train.[10]

HEADLINES
RAWLINS, WYOMING, JUNE 15th

"Considerable hard luck was encountered by the cars on the fourteenth day out of New York. The Shawmut was leading and the two Fords were trailing. The Acme car stuck in the mud at Pierce, forty miles south of Cheyenne early Tuesday morning and was nearly all day getting out. Later it was reported as having again got stuck in the mud after passing Nunn, Wyoming. Ford No. 2 spent most of

the night at Rawlins, leaving there at 6 o'clock Tuesday morning. The car broke down six miles out of Rawlings and was towed back to town for repairs. Ford No. 1 reached Rawlins at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning badly crippled having broken a wheel while crossing the Fort Steele bridge. The Shawmut car arrived at Rawlins at 11 a.m. and left at 12 noon."

Rawlins, Wyoming was the next stop and the Ford cars were now first and second. To get into Rawlins necessitated using the railroad ties for a mile. This included the approach to and the railroad bridge over the Platte river at Fort Steele. The track was not ballasted and the ties were fifteen to eighteen inches apart. Their thirty inch wheels hit every separate tie a distinct and separate bump and each car came into Rawlins with a broken wheel. They were delayed twelve hours making repairs and were now second and third. The Shawmut was now in first place.

Up to Granger, Wyoming, the route had followed the path of previous transcontinentalists, but from this point the other trips had been made via the southern route across Utah and Nevada into California. This route had been considerably easier than the northern one into Seattle on account of the mountains to be crossed. But, their route was the northern one so they left the old trail at Granger and started on that part of the trip which no automobile had ever before made without railroad aid.

At Opal all three cars met just as a storm was starting so all crews slept there until daybreak. The two Fords left early, but stopped at Kemmerer for breakfast. As they were finishing, the Shawmut crew came into the lunch room. This illustrates how close and exciting the race became from time to time. But, Kemmerer was the last

time Ford car No. 1 saw any competitor until the arrival in Seattle.

CATCHING A NAP IN THE CAR

Up to Cokeville the two Fords had traveled together, the crew of each assisting the other wherever assistance could be rendered. The members of both teams had agreed to divide the prizes each or both might win. But the race was drawing to a close. It seemed advisable that each car strive to win so that there could be no possible slip up that would prevent a Ford from being first at the finish. One of the big cars, the Shawmut, with provisions for part of its crew sleeping in the car while one man drove, was thereby able to make a hard fight for first place. The Ford crews could not drive more than twenty-one hours out of twenty-four. So at Cokeville Ford No. 1 pulled away and at Pocatello, Idaho had a nine hour lead and a perfect working car.

POCATELLO, IDAHO, JUNE 17th

By continuous driving Kulick and Harper in Ford No. 1 made Pocatello at 2:30 this day. They had plenty of excitement making the run from Opal to Montpelier and Montpelier to Pocatello after a heavy rain, particularly in the dark. They had to negotiate the treacherous Nugget and

Bancroft canyon. There were down grades, several of them up to one thousand feet in length, averaging thirty percent. The roadway in places was six inches wider than the car tread and a slip meant dashing hundreds of feet onto the rocks below.

But having reached Pocatello, Kulick and Harper thought they had it made. To quote Harper, "We began to plan on what to do with our money. We might better to have saved our breath. For then did we pick up a pilot a bonehead" whose previous experience must have been piloting schooners over the bar. He sure was dumb and he proceeded to lose car No. 1. He got us into the north end of the great American desert where we averaged four miles an hour. When we overcame this, he lost the road again and that night instead of hustling along toward Boise, we slept in the sage brush out on the plain without gasoline and oil and fifty-five miles off the road. By the time we had walked three miles, pumped a hand car six more, flagged a passenger train and proceeded to Shoshone, Idaho for fuel and oil, then borrowed a car to carry it back again, started out for Twin Falls, we had lost twenty-four hours. Our only consolation was to fire the pilot at a place where he either had to walk or wait eighteen hours for a train to get away."[10]

Frank Kulick continues telling of the bad luck of Ford No. 1. "We stopped for nothing now. Our car was running better than when we started. Each city reported us as gaining. We crossed the Blue Mountains and entered Walla Walla and found we had passed all our rivals except Ford No. 2. But it was never intended for us to win. At Wallula, Washington we picked up another bone headed specimen for a pilot. This road juggler lost us in what is known as Horse Heaven Country and when we should

have been in Prosser, we were in Mottinger. Any jury in the world would have brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide if we had followed our inclination in regard to the excess baggage that had hired out to us as a pilot. We had to travel the ties on the S.P. and S.R.R. railroad for eight miles to Plymouth. Part of the distance was through a tunnel as dark as night and just wide enough for that single track. The road was entirely lost in the sand. In that country the sand drifted and blew with every puff of wind. At one time a sand storm raged around us for hours. To have stopped anywhere on that desert would have meant being buried in the sand. But, we got through and learned that we were again in third place."

POCATELLO TRIBUNE
POCATELLO, IDAHO, JUNE 18th

OCEAN TO OCEAN RACERS ARRIVE IN THE GATE CITY. "Two Ford Cars Register at First Checking Station in Idaho and Hike on to the West—Shawmut Car enjoying a Streak of Hard Luck Near Bancroft.

Ford car No. 1, the leading automobile in the New York to Seattle race, arrived in Pocatello this morning at 2 o'clock and after undergoing a general overhauling and cleaning up, departed for the west at 9 a.m. The Ford car No. 2, which broke down yesterday morning at Cokeville, Wyoming, was repaired in time to resume its journey yesterday evening and left Montpelier at 8 o'clock this morning and is due to arrive in Pocatello this afternoon.

The leading car of the race is a four cylinder, two seated twenty horse power Ford runabout resembling the car of the same make owned by Ben Bean in this city. It is a very

light looking machine to make such a hard trip, but is standing up under the strain remarkably well. It is not a very attractive looking car with its coating of mud and dust and makes as much noise as a threshing machine owing to lack of a muffler. The car was escorted out of town by Ben Bean in his car, dispatcher Schultz in his machine and others."

CURIOUS "LOCALS" AT A STOP IN IDAHO. AT EVERY STOP THE CREWS WERE WELCOMED AND HELPED BY FRIENDLY PEOPLE, SOME OF WHOM HAD NEVER LAID EYES ON AN AUTOMOBILE BEFORE.

IDAHO DAILY STATESMAN
BOISE, IDAHO, JUNE 20th

CLOUDBURSTS DO GREAT AMOUNT OF DAMAGE

"Floods Rush Down Canyons Sweeping Away Everything in Their Path. Boise men driving on road along Cottonwood escape death by jumping. A thunderstorm has spread over the area doing great damage, the rain coming

down in torrents, indicating an unusual storm area for the month of June."

BAKER CITY NEWS
BAKER CITY, OREGON, JUNE 20th

"Although for the last two days heavy rains have fallen over Eastern Oregon rendering the roads about impassible in places, the Ford No. 2 in the New York to Seattle automobile race arrived in Baker City, the only registering point in the state of Oregon, at 3:45 this afternoon. The car is driven by Burt Scott and he is accompanied by Charles Smith. Both men are in excellent condition. They left Boise, Idaho at 8 o'clock this morning, making a distance of one hundred sixty miles to Baker City without mishap. After replenishing the car with gasoline and lubricating oil, the Ford No. 2 started for Walla Walla, Washington with the intention of arriving there tonight."

Day 21 did not start well, not well at all. Burt had dropped down beside the little race car to take a cat nap while Smitty adjusted the magneto. When Smitty cranked up the engine it roared into life with a terrible explosion. Like all race cars, this one was not equipped with a muffler. Burt, only ten feet from the car, sprang upright, thereby generating a headache that lasted all morning. This was only the beginning of a bad day. Before the day was through they would be lost twice and held up by armed men on horseback.

OLAND F. HUBBS
MILTON-FREEWATER, OREGON, JUNE 21st

"In 1909 we were fresh out of the Tennessee hills. We had seen many covered wagons pulled by horses and oxen

teams that traveled about two miles per hour. My brother Romeo and I had been out rabbit hunting. All of a sudden we heard a terrible noise coming over the hill. I cannot describe our feelings when we saw this "non-descript thing" tearing down the road at twenty miles per hour without even a horse hooked to it. Romeo said he thought it might be an automobile because he had heard about those things. As the thing went by we saw writing on it but could not make out what it said due to all the dirt and mud. We did notice the number 2 on the side. We waved wildly and the driver waved back to us. It was the greatest thrill of my life."

"I've witnessed and experienced the changes from horses and buggys to automobile and airplane, from coal oil lamps to electric lights, and I vividly recall the days before telephones, baths tubs and gramophones. Some of the greatest men were country boys born in houses with out running water and inside toilets. How about that!"[12]

THEY REALLY DO FLY!
ROMEO HUBBS AND HIS FUTURE WIFE SAIL OVER A RAILROAD CROSSING IN ROMEO'S FIRST CAR, A MODEL "T".

THE HOLDUP

After passing Milton-Freewater and just before reaching Walla Walla, Washington, as they rounded a bend in the road, Burt and Smitty were shocked by the sudden arrival of masked men on horseback. There was considerable shooting and hollering as they were escorted under pointed guns into town.

They were marched into a saloon where everyone laughingly pulled off their masks and proclaimed themselves the welcoming committee. They were presented with an engraved silver cup and one hundred dollars in gold for being the first car to enter the state of Washington.

THE HOLDUP

HEADLINES
THE WALLA WALLA EVENING STATESMAN, JUNE 21st

"Canadian Pacific Express No. 97, to the coast, was held up by five masked men at Ducks near Kamloops, British Columbia this morning. The men had evidently mistaken

the train for No. 5 carrying a large quantity of silver to the coast. When the error was discovered the bandits escaped in a boat in Shuswap lake. A large posse is pursuing them. As far as is known they secured no booty.

In other news, Ford car No. 2, in the New York to Seattle race, left this city Monday morning being piloted by Archie Henderson as far as Prosser. Mr. Henderson, who returned today, states that no accident occurred on this lap but that some parts of the way were ridden with difficulty due to the heavy sands beyond Walla Walla. The car made slow progress, but as soon as better roads were reached, made up for the lost time."

ROSCOE SHELLER
SUNNYSIDE, WASHINGTON, JUNE 21ST

"The little town of Sunnyside, Washington was on the Yakima Valley route the racers would travel to reach their destination. At twenty, I held a job at the Amundson Hardware as clerk, bookkeeper, tinsmith, sweeper and general flunky. When the news came that No. 2 had crossed the Columbia River to Kennewick the evening before and was on its way up the valley, excitement swept the community like a brush fire. What had been to many the fabled mechanical hero of newspaper tales for three weeks was about to appear in the flesh and what person, whether believer or skeptic, would have knowingly missed the chance to see the miracle happen? If the car actually showed up he could have thrown out his chest and claimed, "I told you so." If it didn't he could have excused his presence with, "I knew the whole thing was a hoax. I came to see how many gullible boobs fell for the fantastic fable."

So . . . everyone who could joined the gathering crowd at the end of Sixth Street, where wagon tracks followed the recently constructed high tension line through the valley. Without confiding in my employer, Charlie, I stole away to have a glimpse of history in the making. He'd have been furious and might have concluded he'd find a way to struggle along without my services, thus saving sixty dollars a month. But, what was a mere job, my livelihood, when weighed against seeing the first car to cross the continent and the brave men who were driving it straight into history's pages?

People were still streaming toward the end of Sixth Street when dust was sighted far down the pole line. Whatever stirred it was traveling faster than a wagon or even a spirited team and buggy. "Here she comes!" someone shouted and soon a fenderless, brass-nosed, mud smeared Model "T" skeleton with front seat for two and flat platform behind, reared up beside us and chattered to a stop. Steam spouted from around its radiator cap with a wrathful "Hiss-s-s" as though trying to express determination to finish first.

Two goggled, duster clad occupants with caps pulled low and plastered with many hued mud hopped out. "Can we get water?" were their first words. An obliging spectator brought a brimming pail. The men removed cap and goggles, drank as though their own radiators had boiled dry, and washed their faces. They'd looked weird before, but with the mud removed, exposing brown leathered faces below the goggle protected white skin of the upper half, they appeared like an eerie something from another world, which to us they were.

On the platform behind the seats a dozen tires from ragged to new were tied down with rope. "Smitty," as Scott

called him, reached inside the pile and brought out a big can labeled "Motor Oil" to pour into the motor until it ran from the top of two petcocks sticking from the crankcase. The crowd pushed close, not wanting to miss a single detail.

"Sure takes a lot of oil," offered a nosy kid.

"You would too, if you'd been through what this car has," Smitty answered, and the audience tittered.

"A horse wouldn't" the kid's snappy retort brought a roar.

Driver Scott, wearing heavy gauntleted gloves, unscrewed the radiator cap with great care. With each turn more steam hissed from around it as though it couldn't wait. When the cap was off, a "whoosh" of relief came with it. Belching steam and boiling water blew the cap from Scott's hand, showered Scott and christened front row spectators with an "I was there" souvenir about which they might boast to unborn grandchildren.

When the geyser had subsided, Scott trickled water into the radiator's hot neck, where it sputtered and gurgled like an experienced dyspeptic. "Worse'n Grampa," commented the kid. "Say Mister," he continued, "is oil and water what makes her go?"

"It helps kid," Scott adjusted goggles and pulled down his cap. "Ready, Smitty?"

"Ready"

"Let's go," Scott got behind the wheel and moved a few gadgets. Smitty went to the front and grabbed the crank dangling there, pushed it in with his knee and gave it a spin. With a noisy roar, the strange, mud splattered mechanical horse rattled an eager "we're off!" and Smitty jumped aboard the already moving car. The history making, race leading Model "T" roared away literally in a cloud

of dust toward the Cascades, the last barrier to be conquered between it and Seattle. Could they make it? Snow still clung there to a depth no one knew. Melting snow and spring rains were sure to leave mud on lower levels and the wagon track route to be followed was little more than a path. But there were fewer doubts of its success than there had been that it would arrive, an hour earlier.

If the little car had left as favorable an impression along its path as it had in Sunnyside, there'd have been some serious thought revolution, even though it never reached its Alaska-Yukon Pacific destination. The world would never again be the same."[13]

PROSSER, WASHINGTON, JUNE 21st

One of the most exciting incidents of the entire race transpired at Prosser, Washington where Ford car No. 2 was nearly destroyed by fire.

Burt and Smith had successfully crossed Horse Heaven, the name applied to that section of the western plains on the west side of the Columbia river out of Walla Walla, Washington. It may have been a heaven for quadrupeds, but the automobile drivers certainly did not regard it as such. At that time they were the lead car and hustling to increase the distance that separated them from their rivals.

As they stopped at Prosser to fill up with gasoline, a crowd collected. One individual, and it's surprising how little sense some men have, struck a match on the side of the tank. Instantly the tank was ablaze, and an alarm sent in. But, nothing could be done until the fifteen gallons of gasoline had burned up and much of the equipment aboard was destroyed. Fortunately, there was no serious damage

to the mechanical part of the car except for a leak in the gas tank. For the balance of the trip an extra ten gallon can of gas had to be carried on the floorboard. But it took more than a fire to make Burt and Smitty relinquish their grip on first place. The fire scarred vehicle excited considerable comment during the remainder of the trip.

From Prosser to Yakima they encountered no real difficulties. Leaving Yakima they negotiated another mountain pass, the Weinass. The road was best described as a donkey trail consisting of little more than a narrow dirt pathway through the birch and aspen trees that bordered each side. Descending from the pass they entered the town of Ellensburg.

THE DAILY RECORD

ELLENSBURG, WASHINGTON, JUNE 22nd

"Clem Elum (this is the name used to describe the area around Ellensburg) citizens had the privilege of seeing autos in the great transcontinental race from New York to Seattle pass through the town. Tuesday at 11 o'clock Ford No. 2 stopped in front of the bank to get a line on their competitors by telephone. Both men were almost dead for want of sleep so while waiting for a reply to their telephone call, they dozed, despite the fact that at least half a hundred citizens gathered around and were asking questions. As soon as the other machines were located, the driver said, "we must be moving." They braced themselves in the seat, threw the lever and, with a growl not unlike a grizzly bear, the machine bounded into the air and made a white streak in the atmosphere as it rushed through the city. The way they turned on the juice was something

worth seeing and they touched only the high places between the bank and the hospital hill where they were lost to view."

AT LAKE KITCHEL, JUNE 22nd

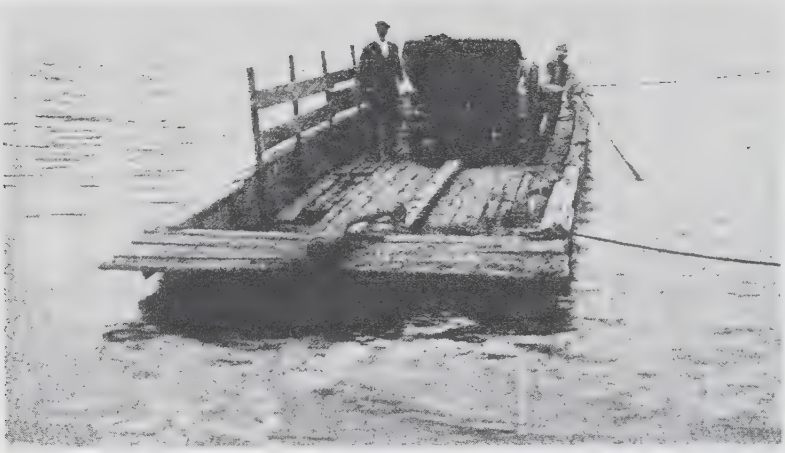
Things had been going too well for Burt and Smitty. They knew they were on the last stretch of the race as they reached the Lake Kitchel ferry. The crossing involved driving the car onto a barge that was pulled across the river by a "ferryman."A rope stretched across the river was guided through catches at each end of the barge. A wooden yoke was used to manually pull the barge slowly across. This type of ferry was common at various crossings throughout the west.

Wagons and horses were the normal constituents for the ferry. The ferryman guided the car onto the barge, collected the twenty-five cents fee, but then refused to start across. He had heard that other racers were coming and was determined not to pull the barge over the river several times when once would do. "What do we do now?," Smitty asked.

"We get some help," Burt replied.

They backed the car off the barge and headed back to the nearby town where they tracked down the local sheriff. They explained the problem and he agreed to ride back to the ferry with them.

"Jess, what the hell you trying to pull?" the Sheriff yelled at the ferryman as they reached the river. "The county leases this operation to you and we can easily take it away if you don't follow the rules. Now get with it and take these guys across."



A TYPICAL FERRY IN THE EARLY NINETEEN HUNDREDS

"How will you get back to town?" Smitty asked the Sheriff as Burt was driving the car back onto the barge.

"Don't worry, I'll catch a ride with the next buggy going the other way," he assured them.

Burt and Smitty were elated as they drove away from the other side of the river. They knew that they had only one more major obstacle, Snoqualmie Pass.

Much had been written about the infamous Snoqualmie Pass. The tales of rock slides and deep snow drifts are credited for the reason that many of the original cars that signed up for the race were forced to drop out.

Snoqualmie Pass lived up to its reputation. They had been led to expect hardships to cars and crews and they got them. There were long heavy grades covered with snow, mud, rocks and sand. Even though it was June, winter conditions prevailed at the top of the pass, where snow and ice crusted grades were the order of the day. Just when they thought they had it made the car broke through the crust and was buried in five feet of snow. Smitty

remembered hearing a road gang working on the railroad about a mile back. They struggled through the snow until they came to where the section gang was working. With a little persuasion and the promise of some extra pay, several of the men agreed to help shovel the car out of the drift. With this accomplished, the little Ford headed down the slope toward Seattle.

Part way down the western slope of the Snoqualmie, Burt and Smitty were shocked to see a car coming toward them. They were even more shocked to see that it was Henry Ford and a party of enthusiasts from Seattle. Henry was ecstatic. He vigorously shook hands with Burt and Smitty all the while asking questions and inspecting the mud covered car. Henry had taken the train to Seattle and had been anxiously awaiting news from the racers.

Together they headed down the long hill toward Seattle. Word of their coming had been passed along and farmers lined the road as they passed. At one place a farmer had hung out a wreath made out of clover hay and other things off the farm. He had hung it out on a pole. Smitty put his arm through it and draped it over the radiator where it remained for several days.[8]

THE SEATTLE DAILY TIMES, JUNE 23

FORD CAR NO. 2 WINS RACE

"NO. 2 REACHES SEATTLE 22 DAYS, 55 MINUTES FROM NEW YORK"

VICTORY!

As the little motorcade proceeded toward Seattle, more and more automobiles joined the caravan. The crowd swelled into thousands. A fire truck raced ahead, its pneumatic siren shrieking a warning to clear the road. Men and boys climbed trees and telephone poles to spot the car from a distance and shout the news, "Here it comes!"

They proceeded into Seattle where the reception accorded Burt and Smitty was the greatest ever witnessed. The news had preceeded them, they were to arrive at noon. It was estimated that two hundred thousand persons were assembled to bid them welcome. They were the heroes of the hour.

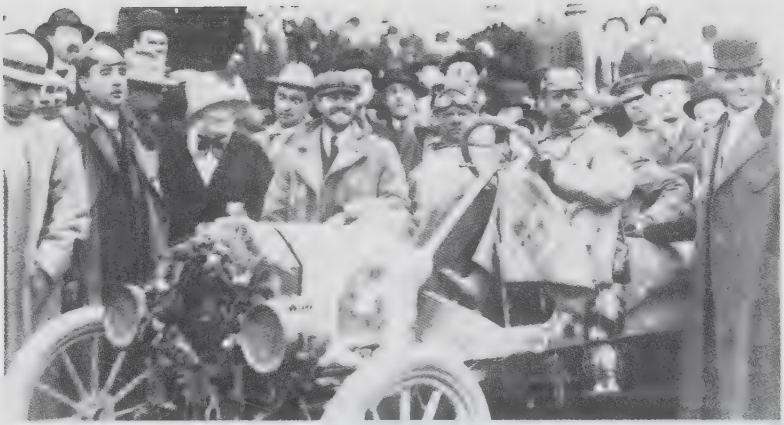
The continuous blast of the pneumatic siren from the fire patrol and the loud "barking" from the horn of an escort car owned by Mr. Allen Kingston, caused the crowd to part and allow the cars a clear right of way. The street crossings were guarded by patrolmen and the cars hit such a hot pace through the city that many of the following machines dropped out of the procession. Those who held points of vantage on roof tops and on telegraph poles notified the gathering crowds below of the approach of the cars and the masses retreated to the sidewalks.

The crowded streets seemed to swallow them, opening ahead only to close up behind. It was one triumphal march from Seattle's gates to the Exposition. The exposition grounds echoed with a great shout as the winning Ford No. 2 passed through the gate. Police cleared a path as they drove three times around the track then up the steps into the Mines Building where they were officially declared the winner of the Big Race. Burt and Smitty grinned through layers of dust and waved to the throngs. They

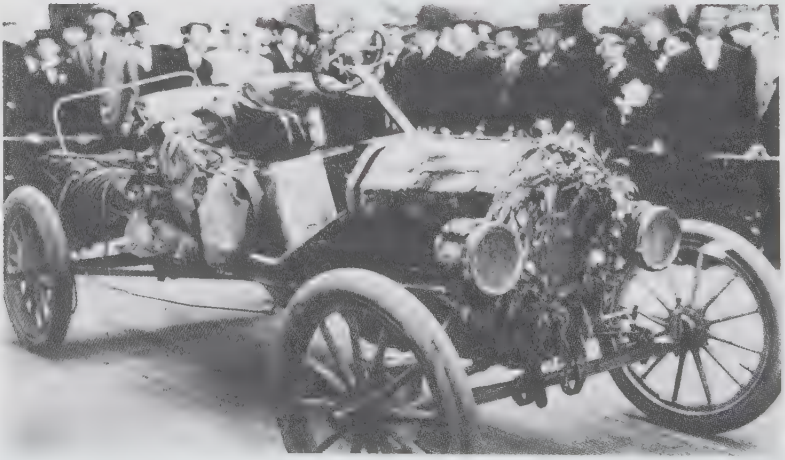
were again congratulated by Henry Ford and Mr. M. Robert Guggenheim, who was also on hand to greet them. It was a fantastic finish to what was undoubtedly the toughest and most grueling race of all time.

FORD NO. 2 NEARING SEATTLE

ENORMOUS CROWDS GREETED SCOTT AND SMITH AS THEY ENTERED SEATTLE



THE WINNER! HENRY FORD AT RIGHT IN BOWLER HAT CONGRATULATES BURT AND SMITTY.



THE WINNING CAR ON EXHIBIT IN EXPOSITION HALL, SEATTLE

PART 11
EPILOGUE

THE RETURN TRIP

Scotty" and "Smitty," everyone in Seattle called them that, were pretty well used up by the time they reached Seattle. For that matter "Gug" Kulick and his mechanic were none too lively either. The winning car was put on display at the Exposition.

Scott and Smith left the exposition grounds with Mr. Ford and went to the Rainier-Grand, where they were turned over to the tender mercies of barbers, tailors and other artisans of a kindred sort until the "lightening" change brought them into closer semblance to the ordinary mortal. Invitations to balls, theater parties, receptions, and banquets were gracefully declined and the tired men sought the quiet of their rooms to recuperate.

Scott and Smith decided they had earned a rest, a vacation, and they drew beautiful mental pictures of the time they were going to have. But, Mr. Ford wanted to test the car still further, and so after the boys had been in a few days, he suggested they drive the same car back to Detroit. "He told us before we left Seattle that if we'd take the car, he would fix it up," Smitty recalls. "Of course, the frame was bent down, but that didn't make any difference

to the running of it. The three point suspension on the engine took care of that. He said if we would drive it back, we could go anywhere in the United States we wanted to. We said we would drive it back."[11]

"First we got a telegram from one dealer to come there, then from another dealer to go there. We went down the coast, then up on the southwestern states and started back. It was kind of monotonous to us."

On the return trip there was to be no attempt to establish a record, no day and night running. The trip was to proceed with reasonable speed, about average for regular touring and time enough spent to observe rules of health and to secure miscellaneous data.

Scott and Smitty left Seattle on July 8th, striking south for San Francisco. Sunday was spent seeing Portland and Portland seeing them. They found the roads to be in wretched shape, easily as bad as those on the tour. Scott sent a telegram home reporting that the mountains were worse than Snoqualmie.

As they traveled they took in all there was to be enjoyed. If a town looked good to Smitty, that's as far as Ford No. 2 went that day. If another town appealed to Burt, he found a reason for staying there and so they drove from Seattle to Tacoma, to Portland and so on south across the states of Washington and Oregon and into San Francisco.

After resting a couple of days in Frisco they headed on south to Los Angeles. From there they turned homeward toward Detroit. At Daggett, California they received a shock. A telegram from Henry Ford was waiting for Burt directing him to drive across Death Valley. Burt wired back that it could not be accomplished but Ford's reply was terse.

"Your orders are to drive the car across Death Valley." Signed, Henry Ford.

The two men purchased supplies and additional equipment for the trip and inquired for a guide to help them across the uncharted wastes. They obtained Edward Thomas, seventy-six year old prospector and former member of the Kidd Cuttle gang, which had roamed the Southwest and robbed the Wells Fargo and Union Pacific trains.

Thomas had quit his robbing career in accordance with a promise he had made to officials of the Union Pacific railroad who in return for his promise had given him a large sum of money and a ranch to live on. The Marshal showed Burt several old handbills issued by previous Sheriffs offering a reward of twenty-five thousand dollars for Thomas dead or alive. With Thomas directing the way they started the hard trip.,

With the temperatures soaring in the one hundreds, the three carried the supplies into the Valley for a quarter of a mile and then walked back to the car and drove it up to the point where they had left the supplies. They found that they could drive the car only a quarter of a mile at a time because of overheating. The three slept under rocks at Dry Creek the first night and waited until dusk the next day before starting the eleven miles of the trip across the hottest stretch of land in the United States.

The crossing was completed that next night and they arrived at Furnace Creek at dawn, the first automobile party to venture across Death Valley.

A day and a half was spent getting the car out of the Furnace Creek bed because of the rocks. After resting a day at Furnace Creek, Burt and Smitty left Thomas and continued on their trip back.

ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS

In the gold mining country of Nevada, Goldfield, Tonapah, and Beatty, car drivers were accorded a great reception and some time was spent visiting the mines and gathering souvenirs. Then the course lay straight across Nevada with Salt Lake City as a goal. Until the mountains were reached, the sand furnished hard going and slow time resulted. One stretch of four miles near Terrace, Utah, required twenty-three hour's hard work to cover. Salt Lake City was reached August 8th and a day spent there.

Leaving Salt Lake City they drove north to Granger, Wyoming where they joined the route they had followed going west.

HEADLINE, DENVER, COLORADO, AUGUST 12th

"FORD CAR NO. 2 ARRIVES AT DENVER"

"The Ford car that won the New York-Seattle race and is now being driven back by the same men who successfully piloted it in this race, arrived at Denver today, after an experience only equaled by some of those which they went through on the trip west. The car is reported to be in good shape and crew feeling fine, though decidedly anxious to get home."

THE OVERLAND LIMITED

Referring to the return trip, Burt wrote home from Denver, "The car stands the trip alright, but the drivers

wish they had returned via Pullman. People are calling the car the Overland Limited, probably because there is no limit to the time we spend in every town that looks good to us."

On August 26th the car and its crew left Colorado Springs for Oklahoma City. From there they proceeded via Kansas to Minneapolis and St. Paul. Then they headed straight for Detroit and home.

FORD NO. 2 HUSTLING HOME

The weather man has had it in for Scott and Smith. Almost ever since they left New York on the first day of June they have had to battle with the rain and mud of every state between the two oceans. Scott asserts that a lecture by him on "good roads as they are not" would be so forceful that he doubts the advisability of delivering it at Sunday school picnics. It was bad enough going west; it has been infinitely worse coming back, until now the two drivers are afraid that the sight of a good road would be too much for them to stand.

Burt and Smitty had a fine reception everywhere. H.H. Taylor at Hutchinson, Kansas met them with a brass band. J.J. Jones of Wichita did likewise and tendered them a banquet. Governors and Mayors have welcomed them and the keys of the town tendered them all the way.

THE DETROIT FREE PRESS, SEPTEMBER 20TH

FORD WINNER HOME FROM GRIND

VICTOR IN NEW YORK TO SEATTLE RACE GETS HEARTY WELCOME

"The now famous Ford No. 2, winner of the across the continent race from New York to Seattle is once more back on home stomping ground. The car which has covered ten thousand miles of the worst roads in the country and touched pretty near every state in the union reached the Hotel Pontchartrain by way of Michigan Avenue at 2:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

"The victorious car was met at Dearborn by an escort of about fifteen cars. At the city limits a band was waiting to escort the mud covered and road racked machine to the center of the city. In a line about a block in length the parade of Ford drivers and the racing cars wound their way down Michigan Avenue.

"At the Pontchartrain about two thousand people were waiting to receive Scott and Smith, the game fellows who piloted the winning car over the long grind. Mayor Breitmeyer was on hand to compliment the boys on their achievement.

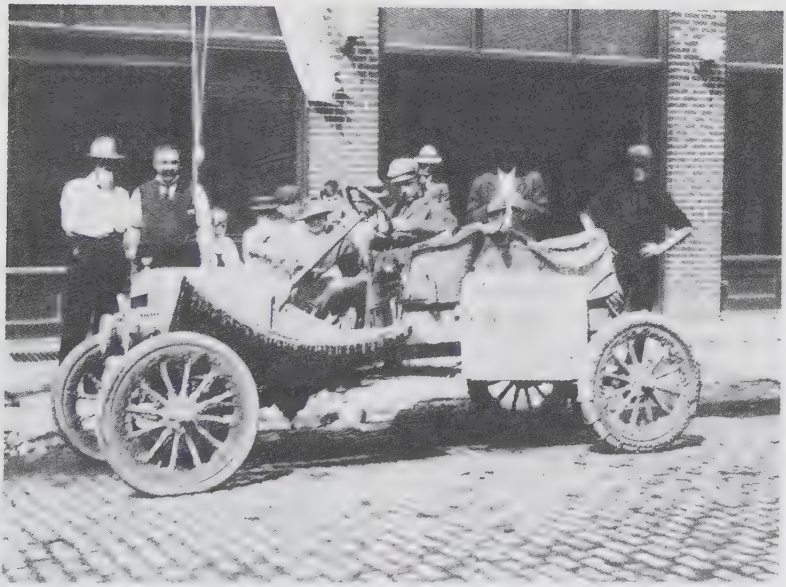
"One of the interesting sidelights of the reception was the appearance of Scott's father, who had been anxiously awaiting his son for weeks. As he wrung the boy's hand, big tears stood in his eyes. This meant more to the dust stained driver than all the rest of the ovation.

"The car itself was battered almost beyond recognition. The wheels and body were coated inches deep with the mud of many states and the tires were worn to the fabric. But the machine was all there and hummed down Michigan Avenue as keenly as though out for its first warm up."

IT'S NOT OVER YET

"Hitherto if a Detroiter wanted to refer to a smiling

countenance, that of the Detroit baseball pitcher Wild Bill Donovan was used for comparison. Nevermore, Burt Scott and Jimmie Smith have secured the champion belt of the smilers class. They reached Detroit on the twentieth and with them brought the smile that won't come off. The smile they wore going down Second Avenue in Seattle as winners of the race was nothing compared to the one they wore coming down Michigan Avenue."



FORD NO. 2 AT END OF JOURNEY

But they came pretty near losing it when Henry Ford revealed his plans. The big Hudson-Fulton celebration at New York wanted this winning Ford and Henry wanted them to have it, so with two day's rest, Ford Car No. 2 and its plucky drivers started for New York, via Canada to Buffalo and through the Empire State.

Scott and Smith arrived at New York City at noon September 27th, thus completing the double transcontinental and in time to have the now famous car take part in the Hudson-Fulton celebration.

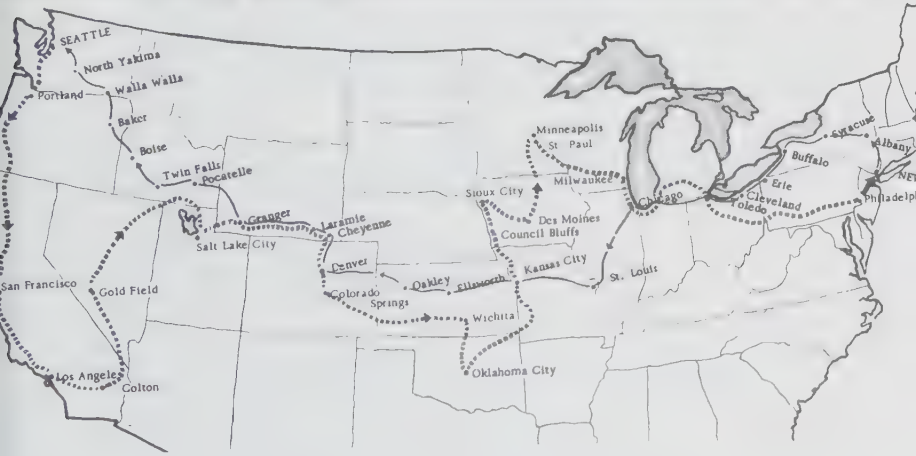
The cheers of the crowd assembled to pay tribute to the pluck, grit, and courage of the wonderful drivers seemed to erase from their memory the thoughts of the mud, the washouts, the rains, the mountains, the sands, and the snow that they continually encountered almost from the first day of June.

With a big sigh of relief, Burt and Smitty shook hands and said, "we did it!"

BURT SCOTT *C. J. SMITH*

PART 12
MAP SHOWING ROUTE OF RACE AND RETURN ROUTE OF FORD NO. 2

MAP OF UNITED STATES, SHOWING ROUTE OF RACE AND RETURN ROUTE OF FORD CAR NO.



PART 13
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1. Robert Lacey, "Ford, the Men and the Machine"
2. Alan Nevins, "Ford, the Man, the Times, the Company"
3. Robert Lacey, "Ford, the Men and the Machine"
4. Henry Ford, "My Life and Work"
5. Alan Nevins, "Ford, the Man, the Times, the Company"
6. Ibid.
7. Robert Lacey, "Ford, the Men and the Machine"
8. C.J. Smith, from his recollections
9. Philip Van Doren Stern, "Tin Lizzie"
10. Ford Motor Company, "The Story of the Race"
11. Ford Motor Company, "The Ford Times, 1909"
12. Orlando Hubbs, from letter to Jack B. Scott
13. Roscoe Sheller, "Me and the Model 'T' "

PART 14
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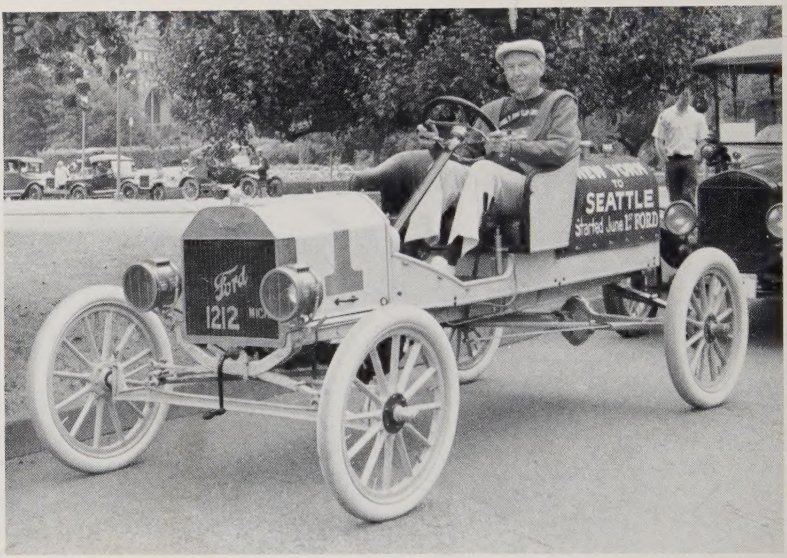

THE AUTHOR DRIVING A REPLICA OF A MODEL "T" ROADSTER USED IN THE FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL RACE.

The author was born in Detroit, Michigan on May 24, 1919. He graduated from the University of Michigan in 1940. In June of 1941 he joined the U.S. Army. During World War II he served as a bomber pilot until October, 1945. He later worked for the U.S. Air Force as a Safety Engineer. He retired as Director of Safety for the Air Force Communications Service in 1979. He and his wife Mary now reside in Raytown, Missouri.

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